

P O E M S

BY

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LATE

*K*

A I D - D E - C A M P

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

SECOND EDITION:—WITH SEVERAL ADDITIONS.

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# AN ELEGY

ON THE BURNING OF

FAIRFIELD, IN CONNECTICUT.

*Written in 1779, on the spot where that town stood.*

YE smoking ruins, marks of hostile ire,  
Ye ashes warm, which drink the tears that flow,  
Ye desolated plains, my voice inspire,  
And give soft music to the song of woe.  
How pleasant, Fairfield, on th' enraptur'd fight,  
Rose thy tall spires, and op'd thy social halls!  
How oft my bosom beat with pure delight  
At yonder spot where stand the darken'd walls!  
But there the voice of mirth resounds no more;  
A silent sadness thro' the streets prevails:  
The distant main alone is heard to roar,  
And hollow chimnies hum with sullen gales—  
Save where scorch'd elms th' untimely foliage shed,  
Which, rustling, hovers round the faded green—  
Save where, at twilight, mourners frequent tread,  
'Mid recent graves, o'er desolation's scene.  
How chang'd the blissful prospect, when compar'd,  
These glooms funereal, with thy formèr bloom,  
Thy hospitable rights when Tryon shar'd,  
Long ere he seal'd thy melancholy doom!  
That impious wretch with coward voice decreed,  
Defenceless domes and hallow'd fanes, to dust;  
Beheld with sneering smile, the wounded bleed,  
And spurr'd his bands to rapine, blood, and lust.  
Vain was the widow's, vain the orphan's cry,  
To touch his feelings, or to soothe his rage—  
Vain the fair drop that roll'd from beauty's eye,  
Vain the dumb grief of supplicating age.

*Elegy on the burning of Fairfield.*

Could Tryon hope to quench the patriot flame,  
 Or make his deeds survive in glory's page ?  
 Could Britons seek of savages the fame ?  
 Or deem it conquest, thus the war to wage ?  
 Yes : Britons scorn the councils of the skies,  
 Extend wide havoc, spurn th' insulted foes ;  
 Th' insulted foes to tenfold vengeance rise,  
 Resistance growing as the danger grows.  
 Red in their wounds, and pointing to the plain,  
 The visionary shapes before me stand—  
 The thunder bursts, the battle burns again,  
 And kindling fires encrimson all the strand.  
 Long dusky wreathes of smoke, reluctant driv'n,  
 In black'ning volumes, o'er the landscape bend :  
 Here the broad splendor blazes high to heav'n,  
 There umber'd streams in purple pomp ascend.  
 In fiery eddies, round the tott'ring walls,  
 Emitting sparks, the lighter fragments fly :  
 With frightful crash the burning mansion falls ;  
 The works of years in glowing embers lie.  
 Tryon, behold thy sanguine flames aspire,  
 Clouds ting'd with dies intolerably bright :  
 Behold, weil pleas'd, the village wrapt in fire,  
 Let one wide ruin glut thy ravish'd sight !  
 Ere fades the grateful scene, indulge thine eye,  
 See age and sickness, tremulously flow,  
 Creep from the flames—see babes in torture die,  
 And mothers swoon in agonies of woe.  
 Go, gaze, enraptur'd with the mother's tear,  
 The infant's terror, and the captive's pain,  
 Where no bold bands can check thy curst career ;  
 Mix fire with blood on each unguarded plain !  
 These be thy triumphs ! this thy boasted fame !  
 Daughters of mem'ry, raise the deathless songs !  
 Repeat thro' endless years his hated name,  
 Embalm his crimes, and teach the world our wrongs.

A D D R E S S  
TO THE  
A R M I E S  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

P R E F A C E.

**P**ERHAPS the following little poem may be considered with the more indulgence by the public, after it is known, that it was actually written, at a period \* when the army was in the field, and the author so far engaged in the duties of his profession, as to have but little leisure for subjects of literature or amusement. And it will not be necessary to demonstrate to those who have the least knowledge of a military life, how unfavourable such a state is to poetical contemplation. This, it is presumed, may pertinently be urged in excuse for the slighter errors and inaccuracies of the performance : and the design must, in some measure, atone for any of a different complexion.

To inspire our countrymen now in arms, or who may, hereafter, be called into the field, with perseverance and fortitude; through every species of difficulty and danger, to continue their exertions for the defence of their country, and the preservation of its liberties, is the object of this address.

For this purpose, it was imagined, no considerations could be more effectual than the recollection of the past, and the anticipation of the future. For where is the man to be found, who, after all that has been done and suffered — after such a profusion of blood and treasure has been ex-

N O T E.

\* While the American army was encamped at Peek's-hill, and the enemy occupied the heights of New York and Charlestown.

pended—and such important advantages have been obtained—would basely relinquish and leave unfinished the illustrious task of rearing an empire, which, from its situation and circumstances, must surpass all that have ever existed, in magnitude, felicity, and duration?

Although the author entertains the most sanguine expectations of the gratitude and liberality, with which the continent will reward those who have literally borne the heat and burden of the day of war—he has not insisted on those pecuniary or slighter considerations; but has attempted to turn the attention to the future grandeur, happiness, and glory of the country for which we are now contending. The lands already granted to the army, first suggested the idea of a military settlement on the Ohio, or some of those western regions, whose beauties can never be sufficiently displayed, much less exaggerated by description. The mild temperature and serenity of the air, the salubrity of the climate, the fertility of the soil, the luxuriance of its products, the extent of territory, and the amazing inland navigation, which those boundless lakes and immeasurable rivers will open—cannot fail, one day, to render that garden of the world equal to the representation given of it, in the conclusion of the poem. The possession of such a country, (rescued from the hand of invasion,) in a perfect state of freedom and security, will be a glorious compensation for all our toils and sufferings, and a monument of the most unparalleled bravery and patriotism, to the remotest posterity. Stimulated with the love of glory, allured by these delightful prospects, and animated with the pleasing hope of the speedy fruition of those rapturous scenes—there are thousands who have drawn the sword, with a resolution never to sheath it, until a happy period is put to the contest. For himself, the writer declares, that having already devoted whatever talents and abilities nature has conferred upon him, to the service of his country—no efforts that can be made with his voice, his pen, or his sword, shall ever be wanting to confirm its LIBERTIES and INDEPENDENCE.



## A D D R E S S, &c.

*" Jam fides, et pax, et honor, pudorque*

*" Priscus, et neglecta redire virtus*

*" Audet; appareique beata pleno*

*" Copia cornu." — Hor.*

*" Incipient magni procedere menses." — Virg.*

YE martial bands! Columbia's fairest pride!  
 To toils inur'd, in dangers often try'd—  
 Ye gallant youths! whose breasts for glory burn,  
 Each selfish aim and meaner passion spurn.  
 Ye who, unmov'd, in the dread hour have stood,  
 And smil'd, undaunted, in the field of blood—  
 Who greatly dar'd, at freedom's rapt'rous call,  
 With her to triumph, or with her to fall—  
 Now brighter days in prospect swift ascend,  
 Ye sons of fame, the hallow'd theme attend;      10  
 The past review; the future scene explore;  
 And heav'n's high king with grateful hearts adore.

What time proud Albion, thund'ring o'er the waves,  
 Frown'd on her sons, and bade them turn to slaves—  
 When, lost to honour, virtue, glory, shame,      15  
 When nought remain'd of Britain but the name—  
 The parent state—a parent now no more—  
 Let loose the hirelings of despotic pow'r,  
 Urg'd to keen vengeance their relentless ire,  
 And hop'd submission from their sword and fire.      20

As when dark clouds, from Andes' tow'ring head,  
 Roll down the skies, and round th' horizon spread,  
 With thunders fraught, the black'ning tempest fails,  
 And bursts tremendous o'er Peruvian vales:  
 So broke the storm, on Concord's fatal plain;      25  
 There fell our brothers, by fierce ruffians slain.



Inglorious deed ! to wild despair then driv'n,  
 We, suppliant, made our great appeal to heav'n.  
 'Then the shrill trumpet echo'd from afar,  
 And sudden blaz'd the wasting flame of war; 30  
 From state to state, swift flew the dire alarms,  
 And ardent youths, impetuous, rush'd to arms :  
 " To arms," the matrons and the virgins sung,  
 To arms, their fires, their husbands, brothers sprung.  
 No dull delay—where'er the sound was heard, 35  
 Where the red standards in the air appear'd,  
 Where, through vast realms, the cannon swell'd its roar,  
 Between th' Acadian and Floridian shore.

Now join'd the crowd, from their far-distant farms,  
 In rustic guise, and unadorn'd in arms; 40  
 Not like their foes, in tinsel trappings gay,  
 And burnish'd arms that glitter'd on the day;  
 Who now advanc'd, where Charl'stown rear'd its height,  
 In martial pomp, and claim'd the awful fight;  
 And proudly deem'd, with one decisive blow, 45  
 To hurl destruction on the routed foe—  
 Not so—just heav'n had fix'd the great decree,  
 And bade the sons of freemen still be free;  
 Bade all her souls with patriot ardour burn,  
 And taught the coward fear of death to spurn, 50  
 The threats of vengeance and of war to brave,  
 To purchase freedom, or a glorious grave.  
 Long rag'd the contest on th' embattled field;  
 Nor those would fly, nor these would tamely yield—  
 Till Warren fell, in all the boast of arms, 55  
 The pride of genius and unrivall'd charms,  
 His country's hope!—full soon the gloom was spread :  
 Oppress'd with numbers, and their leader dead,  
 Slow from the field the sullen troops retir'd,  
 Behind, the hostile flame to heav'n aspir'd. 60

Th' imperious Britons, on the well-fought ground,  
 No cause for joy or wanton triumph found,

But saw with grief their dreams of conquest vain,  
Felt the deep wounds, and mourn'd their vet'rans slain.

Nor less our woes. Now darkness gather'd round ;  
The thunder rumbled, and the tempest frown'd ; 66  
When lo ! to guide us thro' the storm of war,  
Beam'd the bright splendor of Virginia's star.

O first of heroes, fav'rite of the skies,  
To what dread toils thy country bade thee rise ! 70  
" Oh rais'd by heav'n to save th' invaded state !"  
(So spake the sage long since thy future fate)

'Twas thine to change the sweetest scenes of life  
For public cares—to guide th' embattled strife—  
Unnumber'd ills of ev'ry kind to dare, 75

The winter's blast, the summer's sultry air,  
The lurking dagger, and the turbid storms  
Of warring war, with death in all his forms—  
Nor aught could daunt. Unspeakably serene,  
Thy conscious soul smil'd o'er the dreadful scene. 80

Then the foe trembled at the well-known name ;  
And raptur'd thousands to his standard came.  
His martial skill our rising armies form'd ;  
His patriot zeal their gen'rous bosoms warm'd :  
His voice inspir'd, his godlike presence led, 85  
The Britons saw, and from his presence fled.

Soon reforc'd from Albion's crowded shore,  
New legions came, new plains were drench'd in gore ;  
And scarce Columbia's arm the fight sustains, 89

While her best blood gush'd from a thousand veins.  
Then thine, O Brown ! that purpled wide the ground,  
Follow'd the knife through many a ghastly wound.

Ah hapless friend ! permit the tender tear  
To flow e'en now, for none flow'd on thy bier,  
Where cold and mangled under northern skies, 95

To famish'd wolves a prey thy body lies—  
Which erst so fair and tall in youthful grace,  
Strength in thy nerves, and beauty in thy face,

Stood like a tow'r, till struck by the swift ball—  
 Then what avail'd (to ward th' untimely fall) 100  
 The force of limbs, the mind so well inform'd,  
 The taste refin'd, the breast with friendship warm'd,  
 (That friendship which our earliest years begun)  
 Or what the laurels that thy sword had won,  
 When the dark bands from thee, expiring, tore 105  
 Thy long hair mingled with the spouting gore?  
 Nor less, brave Scammel, frown'd thine angry fate,  
 (May deathless shame that British deed await!)  
 On York's fam'd field, amid the first alarms,  
 Ere yet fair vict'ry crown'd the allied arms, 110  
 Fell chance betray'd thee to the hostile band,  
 Then didst thou fall beneath th' assassin hand!  
 Lo! while I tell the execrable deed,  
 Fresh in his side the dark wound seems to bleed;  
 That small red current still for vengeance cries, 115  
 And asks, why sleeps the thunder in the skies?  
 On him, ye heav'ns, let all your vengeance fall,  
 On the curst wretch who wing'd th' insidious ball.  
 But thou, blest shade, be sooth'd! be this thy praise,  
 Ripe were thy virtues, though too few thy days. 120  
 Be this thy fame, through life of all approv'd,  
 To die lamented, honour'd, and belov'd.

And see, far south, where yonder hearse appears,  
 An army mourning, and a land in tears!  
 There Laurens, passing to an early tomb, 125  
 Looks like a flow'r just with'ring in its bloom.  
 Thy father's pride, the glory of our host!  
 Thy country's sorrow, late thy country's boast!  
 O Laurens! gen'rous youth! twice hadst thou bled—  
 Could not the ball with devious aim have sped? 130  
 And must thy friends, now peace appears so near,  
 Weep the third stroke that cuts a life so dear,  
 That blots the prospect of our rising morn,  
 And leaves thy country, as thy sire, forlorn?

Companions lov'd ! long as the life-blood flows, 135  
Or vital warmth in this fond bosom glows,  
While there I cherish your remembrance dear,  
Oft will I drop the tributary tear.

But what avails to trace the fate of war  
Through fields of blood, and point each glorious scar ?  
Why should the strain your former woes recall, 141  
The tears that wept a friend or brother's fall,  
When by your side first in th' advent'rous strife,  
He dauntless rush'd, too prodigal of life ?  
Enough of merit has each honour'd name, 145  
To shine, untarnish'd, on the rolls of fame,  
To stand th' example of each distant age,  
And add new lustre to th' historic page :  
For soon their deeds illustrious shall be shewn  
In breathing bronze, or animated stone, 150  
Or where the canvas, starting into life,  
Revives the glories of the crimson strife.

Ye sons of genius, who the pencil hold,  
Whose master strokes, beyond description bold,  
Of other years and climes the hist'ry trace, 155  
Can ye for this neglect your kindred race ?  
Columbia calls—her parent voice demands  
More grateful off'rings from your filial hands :  
And soon some bard shall tempt the untry'd themes,  
Sing how we dar'd, in fortune's worst extremes, 160  
What cruel wrongs th' indignant patriot bore,  
What various ills your feeling bosoms tore,  
What boding terrors gloom'd the threat'ning hour,  
When British legions, arm'd with death-like pow'r,  
Bade desolation mark their crimson'd way, 165  
And lur'd the savage to his destin'd prey,  
When fierce Germania her battalions pour'd,  
And rapine's sons, with wasting fire and sword,  
Spread death around : where'er your eyes ye turn'd,  
Fled were the peasants, and the village burn'd— 170



How did your hearts for others' suff'rings melt !  
 What tort'ring pangs your bleeding country felt !  
 What ! when you fled before superior force,  
 Each succour lost, and perish'd each resource !  
 When nature fainting from the want of food, 175  
 On the pure snow your steps were mark'd in blood !  
 When through your tatter'd garbs you met the wind,  
 Despair before, and ruin frown'd behind !  
 When nought was seen around, but prospects drear,  
 Th' insulting foe hung dreadful on your rear, 180  
 And boastful ween'd, that day to close the scene,  
 And quench your name, as though it ne'er had been.

Why, Britain ! rag'd thine insolence and scorn ?  
 Why burst thy vengeance on the wretch forlorn ?  
 The cheerless captive, to slow death consign'd, 185  
 Chill'd with keen frost, in prison glooms confin'd,  
 Of hope bereft, by thy vile minions curst,  
 With hunger famish'd, and consum'd with thirst,  
 Without one friend—when death's last horror stung,  
 Roll'd the wild eye, and gnaw'd the anguish'd tongue.

Why, Britain ! in thine arrogance and pride, 191  
 Didst thou heav'n's violated laws deride,  
 Mock human mis'ry with contemptuous sneers,  
 And fill thy cup of guilt with orphans' tears ?  
 The widow's wailing, and the wretch's groan, 195  
 Rise in remembrance to th' eternal throne,  
 While the red flame, thro' the broad concave driv'n,  
 Calls down the vengeance of insulted heav'n.  
 And didst thou think, by cruelty refin'd,  
 To damp the ardour of the heav'n-born mind, 200  
 With haughty threats to force the daring train  
 To bow, unnerv'd, in slav'ry's galling chain—  
 Make countless freemen—then no longer free—  
 Shrink at thy frown, and bend the servile knee ?  
 And couldst thou dream ? then wake, dissolve thy charms,  
 Rous'd by their wrongs, see desp'rate hosts in arms ! 206



No fear difmay, nor danger's voice appals,  
While kindred blood for sacred vengeance calls:  
Their swords shall triumph o'er thy vaunted force,  
And curb the conqueror in his headlong course. 210

What spoils of war, thy sons, Columbia, claim'd!  
What trophies rose, where thy red ensigns flam'd!  
Where the great chief, o'er Del'ware's icy wave,  
Led the small band, in danger doubly brave,  
On high designs—and ere the dawning hour, 215  
Germania's vet'rans own'd the victor's pow'r;  
Or on the muse's plain, where round thy tomb,  
O gallant Mercer! deathless laurels bloom;  
Or where, anon, in northern fields renown'd,  
The tide of slaughter stain'd the sanguine ground,  
When the bold freemen, gath'ring from afar, 221  
Foild the proud foe, and crush'd the savage war:  
On that brave band their country's plaudit waits,  
And consecrates to fame the name of Gates.  
Nor less the valour of th' impetuous shock, 225  
Which seiz'd the glorious prize on Hudson's rock,  
Where Wayne, e'en while he felt the whizzing ball,  
Pluck'd the proud standard from the vanquish'd wall.  
Now turn your eyes, where southern realms are seen  
From ruin rescu'd by th' immortal Greene. 230  
See toils of death, where many a hero bleeds,  
Till rapid vict'ry to defeat succeeds,  
On num'rous plains, whose streams, unknown to song,  
Till this great era, roll'd obscure along.  
Their names shall, now, to fame familiar grown, 235  
Outlast the pile of monumental stone.  
Or see on fair Virginia's strand arise,  
The column pointing to the fav'ring skies,  
Inscrib'd with deeds the allied arms have done,  
And grav'd with trophies from Britannia won: 240  
Here stand the conqu'ring bands: the vanquish'd throng  
Thro' the long lines in silence move along:

The stars and lillies here in laurels dress—  
 And there dark shrouds the banner'd pride invest :  
 These twice twelve banners once in pomp unfurl'd,  
 Spread death and terror round the southern world :  
 In various colours from the staff unroll'd,  
 The lion frown'd, the eagle flam'd in gold,  
 Hibernia's harp reluctant here was hung,  
 And Scotia's thistle there spontaneous sprung : 250  
 These twice twelve flags no more shall be display'd,  
 Save in the dome where warlike spoils are laid :  
 Since, where the fathers in high council meet,  
 This hand has plac'd them prostrate at their feet.

Such are the glories of the allied band ! 255  
 And such the dawning hope that cheers our land !  
 Since Gallia's fire, high on a throne of state,  
 Sublimely good, magnanimously great !  
 Protector of the rights of human kind,  
 Weigh'd the dread contest in his royal mind, 260  
 And bade his fleets o'er the broad ocean fly,  
 To succour realms beneath another sky :  
 Since his blest troops, in happiest toils allied,  
 Have fought, have bled, have conquer'd by your side :  
 The mingl'd gore, in the same trench that flow'd, 265  
 Cements the nations by their heroes' blood.

Yet still, Columbians, see what choice remains,  
 Ignoble bondage, and inglorious chains,  
 Or all the joys which liberty can give,  
 For which you dare to die, or wish to live. 270  
 On the drawn sword, your country's fate depends :  
 Your wives, your children, parents, brothers, friends,  
 With all the tender charities of life,  
 Hang on the issue of the arduous strife.

To bolder deeds, and vict'ry's fierce delights, 275  
 Your country calls, and heav'n itself invites.

Charm'd by their potent voice, let virtue's flame,  
The sense of honour, and the fear of shame,  
The thirst of praise, and freedom's envied cause,  
The smiles of heroes, and the world's applause, 280  
Impel each breast, in glory's dread career,  
Firm as your rock-rais'd hills, to persevere.

Now the sixth year of independence smiles,  
The glorious meed of all our warlike toils ;  
Auspicious pow'r, with thy broad flag unfurl'd, 285  
Shed thy stern influence on our western world !  
With thy congenial flame our hearts inspire,  
With manly patience, and heroic fire,  
The rudest shock of fortune's storm to bear ;  
Each ill to suffer ; ev'ry death to dare ; 290  
To rush undaunted in th' advent'rous van,  
And meet the Britons, man oppos'd to man ;  
With surer aim repel their barb'rous rage ;  
Shield the poor orphan, and the white-hair'd sage ;  
Defend the matron, and the virgin's charms ; 295  
And vindicate our sacred rights with arms.

This, the great genius of our land requires,  
This, the blest shades of our illustrious fires,  
This, the brave sons of future years demand,  
Chear the faint heart, and nerve the feeble hand ; 300  
This, sacred hope, that points beyond the span,  
Which bounds this transitory life of man,  
Where glory lures us with her bright renown,  
The hero's triumph, and the patriot's crown,  
The fair reward to suff'ring virtue giv'n, 305  
Pure robes of bliss, and starry thrones in heav'n.

Chang'd are the scenes. Now fairer prospects rise,  
And brighter suns begin to gild our skies.  
Th' exhausted foe, his last poor efforts try'd,  
Sees nought remain, save impotence and pride : 310  
His golden dreams of fancied conquest o'er,  
(And Gallia thund'ring round his native shore,

Iberia aiding with Potosi's mines,  
 While brave Batavia in the conflict joins)  
 Reluctant turns, and, deep involv'd in woes,  
 In other climes, prepares for other foes. 315

Anon, the horrid sounds of war shall cease,  
 And all the western world be hush'd in peace :  
 The martial clarion shall be heard no more,  
 Nor the loud cannon's desolating roar : 320  
 No more our heroes pour the purple flood,  
 No corse be seen with garments roll'd in blood ;  
 No shiv'ring wretch shall roam without a shed ;  
 No pining orphans raise their cry for bread ;  
 No tender mother shriek at dreams of woe, 325  
 Start from her sleep, and see the midnight foe ;  
 The lovely virgin, and the hoary fire,  
 No more behold the village flame aspire,  
 While the base spoiler, from a father's arms,  
 Plucks the fair flow'r, and riots on its charms. 330

E'en now, from half the threaten'd horrors freed,  
 See from our shores the less'ning sails recede :  
 See the red flags, that, to the wind unfurl'd,  
 Wav'd in proud triumph round the vanquish'd world,  
 Inglorious fly : and see their haggard crew, 335  
 Despair, rage, shame, and infamy pursue.

Hail, heav'n-born peace ! thy grateful blessings pour  
 On this glad land, and round the peopled shore :  
 Thine are the joys that gild the happy scene,  
 Propitious days, and festive nights serene ; 340  
 With thee gay pleasure frolics o'er the plain,  
 And smiling plenty leads thy prosp'rous train.

Then oh, my friends ! the task of glory done,  
 Th' immortal prize by your bold efforts won—  
 Your country's favours, by her voice confess'd, 345  
 While unborn ages rise and call your blest—



Then let us go where happier climes invite,  
To midland seas and regions of delight ;  
With all that's ours, together let us rise,  
Seek brighter plains, and more indulgent skies ; 350  
Where fair Ohio rolls his amber tide,  
And nature blossoms in her virgin pride ;  
Where all that beauty's hand can form to please,  
Shall crown the toils of war, with rural ease,  
The shady coverts and the sunny hills, 355  
The gentle lapse of ever-murm'ring rills,  
The soft repose amid the noon-tide bow'rs,  
The evening walk along the blushing flow'rs,  
The fragrant groves that yield a sweet perfume,  
And vernal glories in perpetual bloom, 360  
Await you there : and heav'n shall bless the toil,  
Your own the produce, as your own the soil.

No tyrant lord shall grasp a thousand farms,  
Curse the mild clime, and spoil its fairest charms :  
No blast severe your rip'ning fields deform, 365  
No vollied hail-stones, and no driving storm :  
No raging murrain on your cattle seize,  
And nature sicken with the dire disease.  
But golden years, anew, begin their reigns,  
And cloudless sun-shine gild salubrious plains. 370  
Herbs, fruits, and flow'rs shall clothe th' uncultur'd field,  
Nectareous juice, the vine and orchard yield,  
Rich, dulcet creams the copious goblets fill,  
Delicious honey from the trees distill ;  
The garden smile, spontaneous harvests spring, 375  
The woodlands warble, and the vallies sing.

Along the meads, or near the shady groves,  
There sport the flocks, there feed the fat'ning droves ;  
There strays the steed, through bloomy vales afar,  
Who erst mov'd lofty in the ranks of war. 380



There free from envy, cank'ring care, and strife,  
 Flow the calm pleasures of domestic life :  
 There mutual friendship soothes each placid breast,  
 Blest in themselves, and in each other blest.  
 From house to house the social glee extends, 385  
 For friends in war, in peace are doubly friends :  
 Their children taught to emulate their fires,  
 Catch the warm glow, and feel the kindred fires,  
 Till by degrees the mingling joys improve,  
 Grow with their years, and ripen into love : 390  
 Nor long the blushing pair in secret sigh,  
 And drink sweet poison from the love-sick eye ;  
 Blest be their lot ! when in his eager arms  
 Th' enamour'd youth folds the fair virgin's charms,  
 On her ripe lip imprints the burning kiss, 395  
 And seals with hallow'd rites the nuptial bliss.  
 Then festal sports the ev'ning hours prolong —  
 The mazy dance, and the sweet warbling song :  
 Then each endearment wakes the ravish'd sense  
 To pure delights, and raptures most intense : 400  
 And the pleas'd parent tells his list'ning son,  
 What wond'rous deeds by him, in youth, were done.  
 No fights of woe, no tort'ring fears annoy  
 The sweet sensations of the heart-felt joy :  
 Nor shall the savages of murd'rous soul, 405  
 In painted bands dark to the combat roll,  
 With midnight orgies, by the gloomy shade,  
 On the pale victim point the reeking blade ;  
 Or cause the hamlet, lull'd in deep repose,  
 No more to wake, or wake to ceaseless woes : 410  
 For your strong arm the guarded land secures,  
 And freedom, glory, happiness, are yours.

So shall you flourish in unfading prime,  
 Each age refining thro' the reign of time ;  
 A nobler offspring crown the fond embrace, 415  
 A band of heroes, and a patriot race :

Not by soft luxury's too dainty food,  
Their minds contaminated with their blood:  
But like the heirs our great forefathers bred,  
By freedom nurtur'd, and by temp'rance fed; 420  
Healthful and strong, they turn'd the virgin soil,  
The untam'd forest bow'd beneath their toil:  
At early dawn, they fought the mountain chace,  
Or rous'd the Indian from his lurking place;  
Curb'd the mad fury of those barb'rous men, 425  
Or dragg'd the wild beast struggling from his den:  
To all the vigour of that pristine race,  
New charms are added, and superior grace.

Then cities rise, and spiry towns increase,  
With gilded domes, and ev'ry art of peace. 430  
Then cultivation shall extend his pow'r,  
Rear the green blade, and nurse the tender flow'r;  
Make the fair villa in full splendors smile,  
And robe with verdure all the genial soil.  
Then shall rich commerce court the fav'ring gales, 435  
And wond'ring wilds admire the passing sails,  
Where the bold ships the stormy Huron brave,  
Where wild Ontario rolls the whit'ning wave,  
Where fair Ohio his pure current pours,  
And Mississippi laves th' extended shores. 440

Then oh, blest land! with genius unconfin'd,  
With polish'd manners, and th' illumin'd mind,  
Thy future race on daring wing shall soar,  
Each science trace, and all the arts explore;  
Till bright religion, beck'ning to the skies, 445  
Shall bid thy sons to endless glories rise.

As round thy clime celestial joy extends,  
Thy beauties ripen, and thy pomp ascends;  
Farther and farther still, thy blessings roll,  
To southern oceans and the northern pole; 450

Where now the thorn, or tangled thicket grows,  
The wilderness shall blossom as the rose,  
Unbounded deserts unknown charms assume,  
Like Salem flourish, and like Eden bloom.

454

And oh, may heav'n, when all our toils are past,  
Crown with such happiness our days at last :  
So rise our sons, like our great sires of old,  
In freedom's cause, unconquerably bold ;  
With spotless faith, and morals pure, their name  
Spread thro' the world, and gain immortal fame.

460

And thou Supreme! whose hand sustains this ball,  
Before whose nod, the nations rise and fall,  
Propitious smile, and shed diviner charms,  
On this blest land, the queen of arts and arms :  
Make the great empire rise on wisdom's plan,  
The seat of bliss, and last retreat of man.

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# A P O E M

ON THE

## HAPPINESS OF AMERICA.

ADDRESSED TO THE

CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES.

### A R G U M E N T.

*THE* characters to whom the poem is addressed, and the subject of it—peace—dissolution of the army—general Washington's farewell, advice, and retirement—apostrophe to him—the happiness of the Americans, considered as a free and agricultural people—articles which contribute to their felicity, during the different seasons—winter's amusements, which produce a digression, concerning the late war, and the author—the pleasures which succeeded the horrors of war—invocation to connubial love—description of the female sex and character, marriage and domestic life in America—the present state of society there—the face of the country at and since the period of its discovery—the pleasant prospects exhibited by the progress of agriculture and population—eulogy of agriculture—address to congress—the genius of the western world invoked to accelerate our improvements—a treaty of commerce proposed with Great Britain—superior advantages for a marine—America called upon to employ her sons on discoveries, in the carrying trade, fishing, and whaling—com-



merce—interrupted by the Algerines—sensation produced by it in the Americans—invocation for powers of expression to excite them to revenge—a view of the miseries of the prisoners, which terminates in an anathema on the perpetrators of such cruelties—friends of the captives and ruined merchants, how affected—exhortation to arm, unless an equitable peace can be obtained—apostrophe to the tributary powers—resolution to be taken by us—our resources hinted, from a glance at the late war—Great Britain and Algiers contrasted—prayer to the Supreme Being—an army raised—preparations for war—a navy formed—naval combat with the corsairs—their defeat—their woe—the utter destruction of their country—return and rejoicings of the victors—a prospect.



## A P O E M, &c.

O H happy people, ye to whom is giv'n  
A land enrich'd with sweetest dews of heav'n !  
Ye, who possess Columbia's virgin prime,  
In harvests blest of ev'ry soil and clime !  
Ye happy mortals, whom propitious fate  
Reserv'd for actors on a stage so great !  
Sons worthy fires of venerable name,  
Heirs of their virtue and immortal fame ;  
Heirs of their rights, still better understood,  
Declar'd in thunder, and confirm'd in blood :  
Ye chosen race, your happiness I sing,  
With all the joys the cherub peace can bring,  
When your tall fleets shall lift their starry pride,  
And sail triumphant o'er the bill'wy tide.

The song begins where all our blifs began,  
What time th' Almighty check'd the wrath of man,  
Distill'd, in bleeding wounds, the balm of peace,  
And bade the rage of mortal discord cease.  
Then foes, grown friends, from toils of slaughter breath'd,  
Then war-worn troops their blood-stain'd weapons  
sheath'd :  
Then our great chief to Vernon's shades withdrew,  
And thus, to parting hosts, pronounc'd adieu :

“ Farewell to public care, to public life :  
“ Now peace invites me from the deathful strife.

" And oh my country, may'st thou ne'er forget 25  
 " Thy bands victorious, and thy honest debt !  
 " If aught, which proves to me thy freedom dear,  
 " Gives me a claim to speak, thy sons shall hear :  
 " On them I call—Compatriots dear and brave,  
 " Deep in your breasts these warning truths engrave :  
 " To guard your sacred rights—be just ! be wise !  
 " Thence flow your blessings, there your glory lies.  
 " Beware the feuds whence civil war proceeds ;  
 " Fly mean suspicions ; spurn inglorious deeds ;  
 " Shun fell corruption's pestilential breath, 35  
 " To states the cause and harbinger of death.  
 " Fly dissipation, in whose vortex whirl'd,  
 " Sink the proud nations of the elder world.  
 " Avoid the hidden snares that pleasure spreads,  
 " To seize and chain you in her silken threads ; 40  
 " Let not the lust of gold nor pow'r enthrall ;  
 " Nor list to wild ambition's frantic call :  
 " Stop, stop your ears to discord's curst alarms,  
 " Which, rousing, drive a mad'ning world to arms :  
 " But learn, from others' woes, sweet peace to prize, 45  
 " To know your bliss, and where your treasure lies—  
 " Within the compass of your little farms,  
 " Lodg'd in your breasts, or folded in your arms :  
 " Blest in your clime, beyond all nations blest,  
 " Whom oceans guard, and boundless wilds invest. 50  
 " Nor yet neglect the native force which grows,  
 " Your shield from insult, and your wall from foes :  
 " But early train your youth, by mimic fights,  
 " To stand the guardians of their country's rights.  
 " By honour rul'd, with honesty your guide, 55  
 " Be that your bulwark, and be this your pride :  
 " Increase the fed'ral ties : support the laws :  
 " Guard public faith : revere religion's cause.  
 " Thus rise to greatness—by experience find,  
 " Who live the best, are greatest of mankind. 60

“ And ye, my faithful friends (for thus I name  
“ My fellow lab’ers in the field of fame)  
“ Ye, who for freedom nobly shed your blood,  
“ Dy’d ev’ry plain, and purpl’d ev’ry flood, 64  
“ Where havoc heap’d of arms and men the wreck,  
“ From Georgia’s stream to walls of proud Quebec ;  
“ To these stern toils the peaceful scene succeeds,  
“ The eyes of nations watch your future deeds.  
“ Go act, as citizens, in life’s retreat, 69  
“ Your parts as well, and make your fame complete :  
“ ’Tis our’s, for ever, from this hour to part.  
“ Accept th’ effusions of a grateful heart !  
“ Where’er you go, may milder fates pursue.  
“ Receive my warmest thanks, my last adieu !” 74

THE HERO spoke. . . . . An awful pause ensu’d :  
Each eye was red, each face with tears bedew’d :  
As if the pulse of life suspended stood,  
An unknown horror chill’d the curdling blood :  
Their arms were lock’d : their cheeks irriguous met,  
By thy soft trickling dews, affection ! wet. 80  
Words past all utterance mock’d the idle tongue,  
While petrified in final gaze they clung.

The bands retiring, fought their ancient farms,  
With laurels crown’d—receiv’d with open arms.  
Now citizens, they form no sep’rate class, 85  
But spread, commixing, thro’ the gen’ral mass :  
Congenial metals, thus, by chymic flame,  
Dissolve, assimilate, and grow the same.

Swords turn’d to shares, and war to rural toil,  
The men, who sav’d, now cultivate the soil. 90  
In no heroic age, since time began,  
Appear’d so great the majesty of man.

His task complete, before the fires august,  
The hero stood, and render’d up his trust.

But who shall dare describe that act supreme, 95  
 And fire his numbers with the glowing theme ?  
 Who sing, though aided with immortal pow'rs,  
 The towns in raptures, and the roads in flow'rs,  
 Where'er he pass'd ? what monarch ever knew  
 Such acclamations, bursts of joy so true ? 100  
 What scenes I saw ! how oft, surpris'd, I felt  
 Thro' streaming eyes, my heart, dilated, melt !  
 Scenes that no words, no colours can display,  
 No sculptur'd marble, and no living lay :  
 Yet shall these scenes impress my mem'ry still, 105  
 Nor less the festal hours of Vernon's hill ;  
 Nor that sad moment when 'twas mine to part,  
 As the last heart string severs from the heart.

" Adieu," I cried," to Vernon's shades, adieu ;  
 " The vessel waits—I see the beck'ning crew— 110  
 " Me now to foreign climes new duties guide,  
 " O'er the vast desert of th' Atlantic tide.  
 " 'Tis thine, blest sage, while distant thunders roll,  
 " Unmov'd thy calm serenity of soul, 114  
 " 'Tis thine, whose triumphs bade the combat cease,  
 " To prove how glorious are the works of peace ;  
 " To lure rich commerce\* up thy native bay ;  
 " Make freighted barks beyond the mountains stray ;  
 " Make inland seas through op'ning channels glide ;  
 " Monongahela wed Potowmac's tide : 120

## N O T E.

\* General Washington is actually occupied in opening the falls of Potowmac and James' Rivers, the noble object of which is to extend the navigation through the interior parts of America. Posterity will judge whether this is not one of the great works of peace worthy the consistency and dignity of his character.



“ New states, exulting, see the flitting sails  
“ Waft joy and plenty round the peopled vales.”

All former empires rose, the work of guilt,  
On conquest, blood, or usurpation built : 124  
But we, taught wisdom by their woes and crimes,  
Fraught with their lore, and born to better times,  
Our constitutions form'd on freedom's base,  
Which all the blessings of all lands embrace ;  
Embrace humanity's extended cause,  
A world our empire, for a world our laws. 130

Thrice happy race ! how blest were freedom's heirs,  
Blest if they knew what happiness is theirs,  
Blest if they knew, to them alone 'tis giv'n  
To know no sov'reign but the law and heav'n !  
That law for them, and Albion's realms alone, 135  
On sacred justice elevates her throne ;  
Regards the poor ; the fatherless protects ;  
The widow shields ; the proud oppressor checks !  
Blest if they knew, beneath umbrageous trees,  
To prize the joys of innocence and ease, 140  
Of peace, of health, of temp'rance, toil, and rest,  
And the calm sunshine of the conscious breast.  
For them, the spring his annual task resumes,  
Invests in verdure, and adorns in blooms  
Earth's parent lap, and all her wanton bow'rs, 145  
In foliage fair, with aromatic flow'rs.  
Their fanning wings the zephyrs gently play,  
And winnow blossoms from each floating spray :  
In bursting buds the embryo fruits appear,  
The hope and glory of the rip'ning year ! 150  
The mead that courts the scythe, the pastur'd vale,  
And garden'd lawn, their breathing sweets exhale.  
On balmy winds a cloud of fragrance moves,  
And floats the odours of a thousand groves.  
For them, young summer sheds a brighter day, 155  
Matures the germe with his prolific ray ;

With prospects cheers, demands more stubborn toil,  
 And pays their efforts from the grateful soil.  
 The lofty maize its ears luxuriant yields;  
 The yellow harvests gild the laughing fields, 160  
 Extend o'er all th' interminable plain,  
 And wave in grandeur like the boundless main.  
 For them, the flock o'er green savannahs feeds:  
 For them, high prancing, bound the playful steeds:  
 For them, the heifers graze sequester'd dales, 165  
 Or pour white nectar in the brimming pails:  
 To them, what time the hoary frosts draw near,  
 Ripe autumn brings the labours of the year.  
 To nature's sons, how fair th' autumnal ev'n,  
 The fading landscape, and impurpl'd heav'n, 170  
 As from their fields they take their homeward way,  
 And turn to catch the sun's departing ray!  
 What streaming splendors up the skies are roll'd,  
 Whose colours beggar Tyrian dyes and gold! 174  
 Till night's dun curtains, wide o'er all display'd,  
 Shroud shad'wy shapes in melancholy shade.

Then doubling clouds the wintry skies deform:  
 And, wrapt in vapour, comes the roaring storm,  
 With snows furcharg'd, from tops of mountains falls,  
 Loads leafless trees, and fills the whiten'd vales. 180  
 Then desolation strips the faded plains:  
 Then tyrant death o'er vegetation reigns:  
 The birds of heav'n to other climes repair,  
 And deep'ning glooms invade the turbid air.  
 Nor then, unjoyous, winter's rigours come, 185  
 But find them happy and content with home;  
 Their gran'ries fill'd—the task of culture past—  
 Warm at their fire, they hear the howling blast,  
 With patt'ring rain and snow, or driving fleet,  
 Rave idly loud, and at their window beat: 190  
 Safe from its rage, regardless of its roar,  
 In vain the tempest rattles at the door—

'The tame brutes shelter'd, and the feather'd brood  
From them, more provident, demand their food.  
'Tis then the time from hoarding cribs to feed 195  
'The ox laborious, and the noble steed :  
'Tis then the time to tend the bleating fold,  
To strow with litter, and to fence from cold.

'The cattle fed—the fuel pil'd within—  
At setting day the blissful hours begin : 200  
'Tis then, sole owner of his little cot,  
'The farmer feels his independent lot ;  
Hears with the crackling blaze, that lights the wall,  
The voice of gladness and of nature call,  
Beholds his children play, their mother smile, 205  
And tastes with them the fruit of summer's toil.

From stormy heav'ns, the mantling clouds unroll'd,  
The sky is bright, the air serenely cold.  
'The keen north-west, that heaps the drifted snows,  
For months entire o'er frozen regions blows : 210  
Man braves his blast, his gelid breath inhales,  
And feels more vig'rous as the frost prevails.  
Th' obstructed path, beneath the frequent tread,  
Yields a smooth crystal to the flying steed.

'Tis then full oft, in arts of love untry'd, 215  
The am'rous stripling courts his future bride ;  
And oft, beneath the broad moon's paler day,  
The village pairs ascend the rapid sleigh ;  
With jocund sounds impel th' enliven'd steed—  
Say ye, who know their joys, the lulling speed, 220  
At ev'ry bridge the tributary kifs,  
Can courtly balls exceed their rustic blifs ?

But diff'rent ages diff'rent joys inspire,  
Where friendly circles croud the social fire : 224  
For there the neighbours, gath'ring round the hearth,  
Indulge in tales, news, politics, and mirth ;

Nor need we fear th' exhausted fund should fail,  
 While garrulous old age prolongs the tale.  
 There some old warrior, grown a village sage, 229  
 Whose locks are whiten'd with the frosts of age,  
 While life's low burning lamp renews its light,  
 With tales heroic shall beguile the night;  
 Shall tell of battles fought, of feats achiev'd,  
 And suff'rings ne'er by human heart conceiv'd;  
 Shall tell th' adventures of his early life, 235  
 And bring to view the fields of mortal strife;  
 What time the matin trump to battle sings,  
 And on his steed the horseman swiftly springs,  
 While down the line the drum, with thund'ring sound,  
 Wakes the bold soldier, slumb'ring on the ground;  
 Alarm'd, he starts; then sudden joins his band, 241  
 Who, rang'd beneath the well-known banner, stand:  
 Then ensigns wave, and signal flags unfurl'd,  
 Bid one great soul pervade a moving world;  
 Then martial music's all-inspiring breath, 245  
 With dulcet symphonies, leads on to death;  
 Lights in each breast the living beam of fame;  
 Kindles the spark; and fans the kindled flame:  
 Then meets the stedfast eye, the splendid charms  
 Of prancing steeds, of plumed troops and arms: 250  
 Reflected sun-beams, dazzling, gild afar  
 The pride, the pomp, and circumstance of war;  
 Then thick as hail-stones, from an angry sky,  
 In vollied show'rs, the bolts of vengeance fly;  
 Unnumber'd deaths, promiscuous, ride the air, 255  
 While, swift descending, with a frightful glare,  
 The big bomb bursts; the fragments scatter'd round,  
 Beat down whole bands, and pulverize the ground.  
 Then joins the closer fight on Hudson's banks:  
 Troops strive with troops; ranks, bending, press on  
     ranks;  
 O'er slipp'ry plains, the struggling legions reel;  
 Then livid lead and Bayonne's glitt'ring steel,



With dark-red wounds their mangled bosoms bore ;  
While furious courfers, snorting foam and gore,  
Bear wild their riders o'er the carnag'd plain, 265  
And, falling, roll them headlong on the slain.  
To ranks consum'd, another rank succeeds ;  
Fresh victims fall ; afresh the battle bleeds ;  
And nought of blood can staunch the open'd sluice,  
Till night, o'ershad'wing, brings a grateful truce.  
Thus will the vet'ran tell the tale of wars, 271  
Disclose his breast, to count his glorious scars ;  
In mute amazement hold the list'ning swains ;  
Make freezing horror creep thro' all their veins ;  
Or oft, at freedom's name, their souls inspire 275  
With patriot ardour and heroic fire.

I too, perhaps, should heav'n prolong my date,  
The oft-repeated tale shall oft relate ;  
Shall tell the feelings in the first alarms,  
Of some bold enterprize th' unequall'd charms ; 280  
Shall tell from whom I learnt the martial art,  
With what high chiefs I play'd my early part,  
With Parsons first, whose eye, with piercing ken,  
Reads thro' their hearts the characters of men ;  
Then how I aided, in the foll'wing scene, 285  
Death-daring Putnam—then immortal Greene—  
Then how great Washington my youth approv'd,  
In rank preferr'd, and as a parent lov'd,  
(For each fine feeling in his bosom blends  
The first of heroes, sages, patriots, friends) 290  
With him what hours on warlike plans I spent,  
Beneath the shadow of th' imperial tent ;  
With him how oft I went the nightly round,  
Thro' moving hosts, or slept on tented ground ;  
From him how oft (nor far below the first 295  
In high behests and confidential trust)  
From him how oft I bore the dread commands,  
Which destin'd for the fight the eager bands ;

With him how oft I past th' eventful day,  
 Rode by his side, as down the long array 300  
 His awful voice the columns taught to form,  
 To point the thunders, and to pour the storm.  
 But, thanks to heav'n! those days of blood are o'er,  
 The trumpet's clangor, the loud cannon's roar :  
 No more advance the long extended lines, 305  
 Front form'd to front—no more the battle joins  
 With rushing shock—th' unsufferable sound  
 Rends not the skies—nor blood distains the ground—  
 Nor spread thro' peaceful villages afar,  
 The crimson flames of desolating war. 310  
 No more this hand, since happier days succeed,  
 Waves the bright blade, or reins the fiery steed.  
 No more for martial fame this bosom burns,  
 Now white-robd peace to bless a world returns ;  
 Now soft'ring freedom all her blifs bestows, 315  
 Unnumber'd blessings for unnumber'd woes.

Revolving seasons thus by turns invite  
 To rural joys and conjugal delight—  
 Oh thou sweet passion, whose blest charm connects  
 In heav'n's own ties, the strong and feebler sex ! 320  
 Shed thy soft empire o'er the willing mind,  
 Exalt, adorn, and purify mankind!  
 All nature feels thy pow'r. The vocal grove  
 With air-borne melody awakes to love ;  
 To love the boldest tenants of the sky, 325  
 To love the little birds, extatic, fly ;  
 To love submit the monsters of the main,  
 And ev'ry beast that haunts the desert plain :  
 But man alone the brightest flame inspires,  
 A spark enkindled from celestial fires. 330  
 Hail, hallow'd wedlock! purest, happiest state,  
 Thy untry'd raptures let my song relate :  
 Give me, ere long, thy mysteries to prove,  
 And taste, as well as sing, the sweets of love !

Ye blooming daughters of the western world,  
Whose graceful locks by artless hands are curl'd,  
Whose limbs of symmetry, and snowy breast,  
Allure to love, in simple neatness dress'd ;  
Beneath the veil of modesty, who hide  
The boast of nature and of virgin pride— 340  
(For beauty needs no meretricious art  
To find a passage to the op'ning heart)  
Oh make your charms ev'n in my song admir'd,  
My song immortal by your charms inspir'd.

Tho' lavish nature sheds each various grace, 345  
That forms the figure, or that decks the face—  
Though health, with innocence, and glee, the while,  
Dance in their eye, and wanton in their smile—  
Tho' mid the lilly's white unfolds the rose,  
As on their cheek the bud of beauty blows, 350  
Spontaneous blossom of the transient flush,  
Which glows and reddens to a scarlet blush,  
What time the maid, unread in flames and darts,  
First feels of love the palpitating starts, 354  
Feels from the heart, life's quicken'd currents glide,  
Her bosom heaving with the bounding tide—  
Though sweet their lips, their features more than fair—  
Though curls luxuriant of untortur'd hair  
Grow long, and add unutterable charms,  
While ev'ry look enraptures and alarms ; 360  
Yet something still beyond th' exterior form,  
With goodness fraught, with animation warm,  
Inspires their actions ; dignifies their mien ;  
Gilds ev'ry hour ; and beautifies each scene.  
'Tis those perfections of superior kind, 365  
The moral beauties which adorn the mind ;  
'Tis those enchanting sounds mellifluous hung,  
In words of truth and kindness on their tongue,  
'Tis delicacy gives their charms new worth,  
And calls the loveliness of beauty forth : 370

'Tis the mild influence beaming from their eyes,  
 Like vernal sun-beams round cœrurian skies ;  
 Bright emanations of the spotless soul,  
 Which warm, and cheer, and vivify the whole !

Here the fair sex an equal honour claims, 375  
 Wakes chaste desire, nor burns with lawless flames :  
 No eastern manners, here, consign the charms  
 Of beauteous slaves to some loath'd master's arms :  
 No lovely maid in wedlock e'er was sold  
 By parents base, for mercenary gold ; 380  
 Nor forc'd the hard alternative to try,  
 To live dishonour'd, or with hunger die.  
 Here, uncontroll'd, and foll'wing nature's voice,  
 The happy lovers make th' unchanging choice,  
 While mutual passions in their bosoms glow, 385  
 While soft confessions in their kisses flow,  
 While their free hands in plighted faith are giv'n,  
 Their vows, accordant, reach approving heav'n.

Nor here the wedded fair in splendor vie,  
 To shine the idols of the public eye ; 390  
 Nor place their happiness, like Europe's dames,  
 In balls and masquerades, in plays and games ;  
 Each home-felt bliss exchang'd for foreign sports,  
 A round of pleasures, or th' intrigues of courts ;  
 Nor seek of government to guide the plan, 395  
 And wrest his bold prerogatives from man.  
 What though not form'd in affectation's school,  
 Nor taught the wanton eye to roll by rule,  
 Nor how to prompt the glance, the frown, the smile,  
 Or practice all the little arts of guile— 400  
 What though not taught the use of female arms,  
 Nor cloth'd in panoply of conqu'ring charms,  
 Like some fine garnish'd heads—th' exterior fair,  
 In paints, cosmetics, powder, borrow'd hair :  
 Yet theirs are pleasures of a diff'rent kind, 405  
 Delights at home, more useful, more refin'd :



Theirs are th' attentions, theirs the smiles that please,  
With hospitable cares and modest ease :  
Their youthful taste, improv'd by finer arts, 409  
Their minds embellish'd, and refin'd their hearts—  
'Tis theirs to act, in still sequester'd life,  
The glorious parts of parent, friend, and wife :  
What nameless grace, what unknown charm is theirs,  
To soothe their partners, and divide their cares,  
Calm raging pain, delay the parting breath, 415  
And light a smile on the wan cheek of death !

No feudal ties the rising genius mar,  
Compel to servile toils, or drag to war ;  
But, free, each youth his fav'rite course pursues,  
The plough paternal, or the sylvan muse. 420  
For here exists, once more, th' Arcadian scene,  
Those simple manners, and that golden mean :  
Here holds society its middle stage,  
Between too rude and too refin'd an age ;  
Far from that age, when not a gleam of light 425  
The dismal darkness cheer'd, of gothic night  
From brutal rudeness of that savage state—  
As from refinements which o'erwhelm the great,  
Those dissipations which their bliss annoy,  
And blast and poison each domestic joy. 430

What tho' for us, the pageantry of kings,  
Crowns, thrones, and sceptres, are superfluous things ;  
What tho' we lack the gaudy pomp that waits  
On eastern monarchs, or despotic states ;  
Yet well we spare what realms despotic feel, 435  
Oppression's scourge, and persecution's wheel.

What tho' no splendid spoils of other times  
Invite the curious to these western climes ;  
No virtuoso, with fantastic aim,  
Here hunts the shadow of departed fame : 440

No piles of rubbish his attention call,  
 Nor mystic obelisk, or storied wall :  
 No ruin'd statues claim the long research ;  
 No sliding columns and no crumbling arch ;  
 Inscriptions, half effac'd, and falsely read, 445  
 Or cumbrous relics of th' unletter'd dead :  
 Yet here I rove untrodden scenes among,  
 Catch inspiration for my rising song ;  
 See nature's grandeur awfully unfold, 449  
 And, rapt in thought, her works sublime behold :  
 For here vast wilds, which human foot ne'er trod,  
 Are mark'd with footsteps of a present God ;  
 His forming hand, on nature's broadest scale,  
 O'er mountains mountains pil'd, and scoop'd the vale ;  
 Made sea-like streams in deeper channels run, 455  
 And roll'd thro' brighter heav'ns his genial fun.  
 In vain, of day that rolling, lucid eye  
 Look'd down in mildness from the smiling sky ;  
 In vain, the germe of vegetation lay,  
 And pin'd in shades, secluded from the day ; 460  
 In vain, this theatre for man so fair,  
 Spread all its charms for beasts or birds of air ;  
 Or savage tribes, who, wand'ring through the wood,  
 From beasts and birds obtain'd precarious food :  
 Till great Columbus rose, and, led by heav'n, 465  
 Call'd worlds to view, beneath the skirts of ev'n.

Rise, daring muse, with bolder flight explore  
 The heav'nly wonders for these climes in store :  
 Sing nature lab'ring with her latest birth,  
 And a new empire rising on the earth ! 470

Now other scenes in these blest climes prevail :  
 The sounds of population fill the gale :  
 The dreary wastes, by mighty toils reclaim'd,  
 Deep marshes drain'd, wild woods and thickets tam'd ;  
 Now fair Columbia, child of heav'n, is seen 475  
 In flow'r of youth, and robes of lovely green,

Than virgin fairer, on her bridal morn,  
Whom all the graces, all the loves adorn.

Here planters find a ceaseless source of charms  
In clearing fields, and adding farms to farms : 480  
'Tis independence prompts their daily toil,  
And calls forth beauties from the desert soil :  
What untry'd pleasure fills each raptur'd sense,  
When sturdy toil, thro' darken'd wilds immense,  
First pours the day-beams on the op'ning glade, 485  
And glebes embrown'd with everlasting shade!  
Here equal fortunes, ease, the ground their own,  
Augment their numbers with increase unknown.  
Here hamlets grow. Here Europe's pilgrims come  
From vassal'd woes to find a quiet home. 490  
The eye no view of waning cities meets,  
Of mould'ring domes, of narrow, fetid streets ;  
Of grey-hair'd wretches, who ne'er own'd a shed,  
And beggars dying for the want of bread :  
But oft, in transport, round th' horizon roves, 495  
O'er mountains, vallies, towns, and stately groves ;  
Then dwells, best pleas'd, on cultivated plains,  
Steeds, flocks, and herds, commix'd with lab'ring  
    swains.

Hail, agriculture ! by whose parent aid,  
The deep foundations of our states are laid ; 500  
The seeds of greatness by thy hand are sown ;  
These shall mature with thee and time alone :  
But still conduct us on thy sober plan,  
Great source of wealth, and earliest friend of man.

Ye rev'rend fathers ! props of freedom's cause,  
Who rear'd an empire by your sapient laws, 506  
With blest example give this lesson weight,  
" That toil and virtue make a nation great !"  
Then shall your names reach earth's remotest clime,  
Rise high as heav'n, and brave the rage of time—

His list'ning sons the fire shall oft remind, 511  
 What parent sages first in congress join'd :  
 The faithful Hancock grac'd that early scene,  
 Great Washington appear'd in godlike mien,  
 Jay, Laurens, Clinton, skill'd in ruling men, 515  
 And he, who, earlier, held the farmer's pen.  
 'Twas Lee, illustrious, at the fathers' head,  
 The daring way to independence led.  
 The self-taught Sherman urg'd his reasons clear,  
 And all the Livingstons, to freedom dear : 520  
 What countless names in fair procession throng,  
 With Rutledge, Johnson, Nash, demand the song !  
 And chiefly ye, of human kind the friends,  
 On whose high task my humbler toil attends,  
 Ye who, uniting realms in leagues of peace, 525  
 The sum of human happiness increase !  
 Adams, the sage, a patriot from his youth,  
 Whose deeds are honour, and whose voice is truth ;  
 Undying Franklin, from the hill of fame,  
 Who bids the thunders spread his awful name ; 530  
 And Jefferson, whose mind with space extends,  
 Each science woos, all knowledge comprehends,  
 Whose patriot deeds and elevated views  
 Demand the tribute of a loftier muse :—  
 Tho' Randolph, Hofmer, Hanson sleep in death,  
 Still these great patriots draw the vital breath : 536  
 And can a nation fail in peace to thrive,  
 Where such strong talents, such high worth survive ?  
 Rous'd at the thought, by vast ideas fir'd,  
 His breast enraptur'd, and his tongue inspir'd, 540  
 Another \* bard, in conscious genius bold,  
 Now sings the new world happier than the old.

Great genius of our world, assert our fame,  
 In other bards awake the dormant flame !

\* Mr. Barlow, author of the vision of Columbus.



Bid vivid colours into being start, 545  
Men grow immortal by the plastic art!  
Bid columns swell, stupendous arches bend,  
Proud cities rise, aerial spires ascend!  
Bid music's pow'r the pangs of woe assuage!  
With nobler views inspire th' enlighten'd age! 550  
In freedom's voice pour all thy bolder charms,  
Till reason supercede the force of arms,  
Till peaceful streamers in each gale shall play,  
From orient morning to descending day.  
In mortal breasts shall hate immortal last? 555  
Albion! Columbia! soon forget the past!  
In friendly intercourse your int'rests blend!  
From common fires your gallant sons descend;  
From free-born fires in toils of empire brave—  
'Tis yours to heal the mutual wounds ye gave. 560  
Let those be friends, whom kindred blood allies,  
With language, laws', religion's holiest ties!  
Yes, mighty Albion! scorning low intrigues,  
With young Columbia form commercial leagues.  
So shall mankind, thro' endless years, admire 565  
More potent realms than Carthage leagu'd with Tyre.

Where lives the nation fraught with such resource,  
Such vast materials for a naval force?  
Where grow so rise, the iron, masts, and spars,  
The hemp, the timber, and the daring tars? 570  
Where gallant youths, inur'd to heat and cold,  
Thro' ev'ry zone, more hardy, strong, and bold?  
Let other climes of other produce boast:  
Let gold, let di'monds grow on India's coast:  
Let flaming suns from arid plains exhale 575  
The spicy odours of Arabia's gale:  
Let fragrant shrubs, that bloom in regions calm,  
Perfumes expiring, bleed ambrosial balm:  
Let olives flourish in Hesperia's soil,  
Ananas ripen in each tropic isle: 580

Let Gallia gladden in her clust'ring vines :  
 Let Spain exult in her Peruvian mines :  
 Let plains of Barb'ry boast the gen'rous steed,  
 Far-fam'd for beauty, strength, and matchless speed ;  
 But men, Columbia, be thy fairer growth, 585  
 Men of firm nerves, who spurn at fear and sloth,  
 Men of high courage, like their fires of old,  
 In labour patient, as in danger bold !

Then wake, Columbia ! daughter of the skies,  
 Awake to glory, and to greatness rise ! 590  
 Arise and spread thy virgin charms abroad,  
 Thou last, thou fairest offspring of a God ;  
 Extend thy view where future blessings lie,  
 And ope new prospects for th' enraptur'd eye !  
 See a new era on this globe begun, 595  
 And circling years in brighter orbits run !  
 See the fair dawn of universal peace,  
 When hell-born discord thro' the world shall cease !  
 Commence the task assign'd by heav'n's decree,  
 From pirate rage to vindicate the sea ! 600

Bid thy live oaks, in southern climes that grow,  
 And pines that shade the northern mountain's brow,  
 In mighty pomp descending on the main,  
 With sails expanded, sweep the watry plain :  
 Thy rising stars in unknown skies display, 605  
 And bound thy labours with the walks of day.

Bid from the shore a philanthropic band,  
 The torch of science glowing in their hand,  
 O'er trackless waves extend their daring toils,  
 To find and bless a thousand peopled isles ; 610  
 Not lur'd to blood by domination's lust,  
 The pride of conquest, or of gold the thirst ;  
 Not arm'd by impious zeal with burning brands,  
 To scatter flames and ruin round their strands ;

Bid them to wilder'd men new lights impart,  
Heav'n's noblest gifts, with ev'ry useful art. 615

Bid thy young sons, whom toil for glory forms,  
New skill acquiring, learn to brave the storms,  
To ev'ry region thy glad harvest bear—  
Where happy nations breathe a milder air ; 620  
Or where the natives feel the scorching ray,  
And pant and faint beneath a flood of day ;  
Or thro' those seas where mounts of ice arise,  
Th' eternal growth of hyperborean skies,  
Where feeble rayless suns obliquely roll, 625  
Or one long night invests the frozen pole.

Then bid thy northern train, who draw the line,  
In ocean's caverns find a richer mine,  
Than fam'd Potosi's or Golconda's ore,  
Or all the treasures of the Asian shore. 630  
Bid them with hooks delusive ply the flood,  
And feed whole kingdoms with the finny brood.

And bid thy youths, whose brawny limbs are strung  
For bolder toils—pursue those toils unsung—  
Pursue thro' foreign seas, with vent'rous sail, 635  
The dreadful combat of th' enormous whale :  
Lo where he comes, the foaming billows rise !  
See spouted torrents cloud the misty skies ;  
See in the skiff the bold harpooner stand,  
The murd'ring iron in his skilful hand ; 640  
From him alone th' attentive youths await  
A joyful vict'ry, or a mournful fate :  
His meas'ring eye the distance now explores,  
His voice now checks, and now impels the oars :  
The panting crew a solemn silence keep, 645  
Stillness and horror hover o'er the deep ;  
Now nigh he kens a vulnerable part,  
And hurls with deadly aim the barbed dart ;

'The wounded monster plunging through th' abyfs,  
 Makes uncoil'd cords in boiling waters hiss— 650  
 And oft the boat, drawn headlong down the wave,  
 Leads trembling seamen to their watry grave ;  
 And oft, when rising on his back upborne,  
 Is dash'd on high, in countless pieces torn.  
 But now afar see ocean's monarch rise, 655  
 O'er troubled billows see how fast he flies,  
 And drags the feeble skiff along the flood,  
 Lash'd into foam, and colour'd red with blood !  
 At length subsides the elemental strife,  
 His rage exhausted with his ebbing life ; 660  
 As tow'rs a rock on some sky-circled plain,  
 So looms his carcase o'er the dusky main.  
 Elate, the victors urge the added toil,  
 Extract the bone, and fill their ship with oil. 664

Fraught with the germe of wealth, our seamen roam  
 To foreign marts, and bring new treasures home ;  
 From either Ind' and Europe's happier shore,  
 Th' assembled produce crouds the merchant's store :  
 From east to west the fruits and spices sweet  
 On our full boards in rich profusion meet ; 670  
 Canary isles their luscious vintage join ;  
 In crystal goblets flows the amber wine ;  
 European artists send their midnight toil  
 For crude materials of our virgin soil ;  
 For us, in tissue of the filken loom, 675  
 'The lilacs blush, the damask roses bloom ;  
 For us in distant mines the metals grow,  
 Prolific source of pleasure, care, and woe !  
 Ne'er may our sons for heaps of useless wealth,  
 Exchange the joys of freedom, peace, or health, 680  
 But make ev'n riches to their weal conduce,  
 And prize their splendor by their public use !

'Tis thus our youth, thro' various climes afar,  
 From toils of peace obtain the nerves of war—



But what dark prospect interrupts our joy ? 685  
What arm presumptuous dares our trade annoy ?  
Great God ! the rovers, who insult thy waves,  
Have seiz'd our ships, and made our freemen slaves ;  
And hark ! the cries of that disastrous band 689  
Float o'er the main, and reach Columbia's strand—  
The wild alarm from ocean spreads around,  
And circling echoes propagate the sound,  
From smooth Saluda, fed with silver rills,  
Up the Blue-ridge, o'er Alleganean hills ;  
To where Niagara tremendous roars, 695  
As o'er white-sheeted rocks his torrent pours,  
(The dreadful cataract whole regions shakes  
Of boundless woods and congregated lakes !)  
To farthest Kennebeck, adown whose tide,  
The future ships, unfashion'd, monstrous glide, 700  
On whose rough banks, where stood the savage den,  
The axe is heard and busy hum of men—  
But hark ! their labours and their accents cease,  
A warning voice has interdicted peace,  
Has spread thro' cities, gain'd remotest farms, 705  
And fir'd th' indignant states with new alarms :  
The sickly flame in ev'ry bosom burns,  
Like gloomy torches in sepulchral urns.

Why sleep'st thou, Barlow, child of genius ? why  
Seest thou, blest Dwight, our land in sadness lie ?  
And where is Trumbull, earliest boast of fame ? 711  
'Tis yours, ye bards, to wake the smother'd flame—  
To you, my dearest friends ! the task belongs,  
To rouse your country with heroic songs ;  
For me, tho' glowing with conceptions warm, 715  
I find no equal words to give them form :  
Pent in my breast, the mad'ning tempest raves,  
Like prison'd fires in Etna's burning caves :  
For me why will no thund'ring numbers roll ?  
Why, niggard language, dost thou balk my soul ! 720

Come thou sweet feeling of another's woe,  
 That mak'st the heart to melt, the eye to flow !  
 Come thou, keen feeling, liveliest sense of wrong !  
 Aid indignation, and inspire my song !  
 Teach me the woes of slavery to paint, 725  
 Beneath whose weight our captur'd freemen faint !  
 Teach me in shades of Stygian night to trace,  
 In characters of hell the pirate race !  
 Teach me, prophetic, to disclose their doom,  
 A new-born nation trampling on their tomb ! 730

What mortal terrors all my senses seize,  
 Possess my heart, and life's warm current freeze ?  
 Why grow my eyes with thick suffusions dim ?  
 What visionary forms before me swim ? 734  
 Where am I ? Heav'ns ! what mean these dol'rous cries ?  
 And what these horrid scenes that round me rise ?  
 Heard ye the groans, those messengers of pain ?  
 Heard ye the clanking of the captive's chain ?  
 Heard ye your free-born sons their fate deplore,  
 Pale in their chains, and lab'ring at the oar ? 740  
 Saw ye the dungeon, in whose blackest cell,  
 That house of woe, your friends, your children dwell ?  
 Or saw ye those, who dread the tort'ring hour,  
 Crush'd by the rigors of a tyrant's pow'r ?  
 Saw ye the shrinking slave, th' uplifted lash, 745  
 The frowning butcher, and the red'ning gash ?  
 Saw ye the fresh blood where it bubbling broke,  
 From purple scars, beneath the griding stroke ?  
 Saw ye the naked limbs, writh'd to and fro,  
 In wild contortions of convulsing woe ? 750  
 Felt ye the blood, with pangs alternate roll'd,  
 Thrill thro' your veins, and freeze with death-like cold,  
 Or fire, as down the tear of pity stole,  
 Your manly breasts, and harrow up the soul ?

Some guardian pow'r in mercy intervene, 755  
 Hide from my dizzy eyes the cruel scene !

Oh stop the shrieks, that tear my tortur'd ear!  
Ye visions, vanish! dungeons, disappear!  
Ye fetters, burst! ye monsters fierce, avault!  
Infernal furies on those monsters haunt! 760  
Pursue the foot-steps of that miscreant crew,  
Pursue in flames, with hell-born rage pursue!  
Shed such dire curses as all utterance mock,  
Whose plagues astonish, and whose horrors shock!  
Great maledictions of eternal wrath, 765  
Which, like heav'n's vial'd vengeance, singe and scathe!  
Transfix with scorpion stings the callous heart!  
Make blood-shot eye-balls from their sockets start!  
For balm, pour brimstone in their wounded soul;  
Then open, perdition, and engulf them whole! 770

How long will heav'n restrain its bursting ire,  
Nor rain blue tempests of devouring fire?  
How long shall widows weep their sons in vain,  
The prop of years in slav'ry's iron chain!  
How long the love-sick maid, unheeded, rove 775  
The sounding shore, and call her absent love;  
With wasting tears and sighs his lot bewail,  
And seem to see him in each coming sail?  
How long the merchant turn his failing eyes,  
In desperation, on the seas and skies, 780  
And ask his captur'd ships, his ravish'd goods,  
With frantic ravings, of the heav'ns and floods?

How long, Columbians dear! will ye complain  
Of these curst insults on the open main?  
In timid sloth shall injur'd brav'ry sleep? 785  
Awake! awake! avengers of the deep!  
Revenge! revenge! the voice of nature cries:  
Awake to glory, and to vengeance rise!  
To arms! to arms! ye bold indignant bands!  
'Tis heav'n inspires; 'tis God himself commands.  
Save human nature from such deadly harms, 790  
By force of reason, or by force of arms,

O ye great pow'rs, who passports basely crave,  
 From Afric's lords, to sail the midland wave—  
 Great fallen pow'rs, whose gems and golden bribes  
 Buy paltry passports from these savage tribes— 796  
 Ye whose fine purples, silks, and stuffs of gold,  
 (An annual tribute) their dark limbs infold—  
 Ye whose mean policy for them equips,  
 To plague mankind, the predatory ships— 800  
 Why will ye buy your infamy so dear ?  
 Is it self-int'rest, or a dastard fear ?  
 Is it because ye meanly think to gain  
 A richer commerce on th' infested main ?  
 Is it because ye meanly wish to see 805  
 Your rivals chain'd, yourselves ignobly free ?  
 Who gave commission to these monsters fierce,  
 To hold in chains the humbled universe ? [swords,  
 Would God, would nature, would their conqu'ring  
 Without your meanness, make them ocean's lords ?  
 What ! Do ye fear ? nor dare their pow'r provoke ?  
 Would not that bubble burst beneath your stroke ? 812  
 And shall the weak remains of barb'rous rage,  
 Insulting, triumph o'er th' enlighten'd age ?  
 Do ye not feel confusion, horror, shame, 815  
 To bear a hateful, tributary name ?  
 Will ye not aid to wipe the foul disgrace,  
 And break the fetters from the human race ?

Then, though unaided by these mighty pow'rs,  
 Ours be the toil ; the danger, glory ours : 820  
 Then, O my friends, by heav'n ordain'd to free,  
 From tyrant rage, the long-infested sea—  
 Then let us firm, though solitary, stand,  
 The sword, and olive-branch in either hand :  
 An equal peace propose with reason's voice, 825  
 Or rush to arms, if arms should be their choice.

Stung by their crimes, can aught your vengeance stay ?  
 Can terror daunt you ? or can death dismay ?



The soul enrag'd, can threats, can tortures tame,  
Or the dank dungeon quench th' etherial flame? 830  
Have ye not once to heav'n's dread throne appeal'd,  
And has not heav'n your independence seal'd?  
What was the pow'r ye dar'd that time engage,  
And brave the terrors of its hostile rage?  
Was it not Britain, great in warlike toils, 835  
The first of nations, as the queen of isles—  
Britain, whose fleets, that rul'd the briny surge,  
Made navies tremble to its utmost verge,  
Whose single arm held half the world at odds,  
Great nurse of sages, bards, and demigods! 840  
But what are these whose threatnings round you burst?  
Of men the dregs, the feeblest, vilest, worst;  
These are the pirates from the Barb'ry strand,  
Audacious miscreants, fierce, yet feeble band!  
Who, impious, dare (no provocation giv'n) 845  
Insult the rights of man—the laws of heav'n!

Wilt thou not rise, oh God, to plead our cause,  
Assert thine honour, and defend thy laws!  
Wilt thou not bend thine awful throne to hear  
The pris'ner's cry, and stop the falling tear! 850  
Wilt thou not strike the guilty race with dread,  
On impious realms thy tenfold fury shed!  
Oh thou Most High, be innocence thy care,  
Oh make thy red right arm of vengeance bare,  
Resume in wrath the thunders thou hast hurl'd, 855  
To blight the tenants of the nether world!  
Thou God of hosts, our stedfast councils guide,  
Lead forth our arms, and crush the sons of pride!

But hark! the trumps, as if by whirlwinds blown,  
Sound from cold Lawrence to the burning zone! 860  
Thy cause, humanity, that swells their breath,  
Wakes in each bosom cool contempt of death.  
By rumbling drums, from distant regions call'd,  
Men, scorning pirate rage, start unappall'd:

With eye-balls flaming, cheeks of crimson flush, 865  
 From rice-green fields, and fir-clad mountains, rush  
 High-mettled youth—unus'd to fights of slain,  
 Of hostile navies, or the stormy main—  
 Enrag'd, they leave unfinish'd furrows far,  
 To dare the deep, and toil in fields of war : 870  
 From dreams of peace, stern-visag'd vet'rans wake,  
 Their rattling arms, with grasp indignant, shake ;  
 Those arms, their pride, their country's gift, what day  
 To independence they had op'd the way ;  
 Frowning wide ruin, terrible they rise, 875  
 Like battling thunders bursting from the skies.  
 From Erie's inland vales, unnam'd in song,  
 In native fierceness pour the hunter throng ;  
 Beneath their rapid march realms roll behind ; 879  
 Their uncomb'd locks loose floating on the wind ;  
 Coarse their worn garbs—they place their only pride  
 In the dread rifle, oft in battle tried.  
 With aim unbalk'd, whose leaden vengeance sings,  
 Sure as the dart the king of terrors flings :  
 So erst, brave Morgan, thy bold hunters sped— 885  
 Such light-arm'd youths the gallant Fayette led,  
 Ere Steuben brought the Prussian lore from far,  
 Or Knox created all the stores of war.  
 Thro' tented fields impatient ardour spreads—  
 Rous'd by the trump the courfers rear their heads,  
 Snuff in the tainted gale the sulph'rous grain, 891  
 Responsive neigh, and prance the wide champaign.

Now preparation forms the gleaming blade ;  
 In moulds capacious pond'rous deaths are made :  
 In crouded docks th' incessant labour glows ; 895  
 The tool resounds—the wond'rous structure grows—  
 Propp'd on the stocks, stupendous navies stand,  
 Raise their huge bulks, and darken all the strand ;  
 Till tow'ring fleets, from diff'rent harbours join'd  
 Float on the pinions of the fav'ring wind ; 900

Tall groves of masts, like mountain forests, rise ;  
Wav'd high in air, the crimson streamer flies :  
To prosp'rous gales the canvas wide unfurl'd  
Bears the rous'd vengeance round the watry world :  
See ! ocean whitens with innum'rous sails ; 905  
Be still, ye storms ! breathe soft, ye friendly gales !  
See ! where Columbia's mighty squadron runs  
To climes illum'd by other stars and suns ;  
Gains the deep freight ; ascends the midland wave,  
Of ancient fleets th' unfathomable grave ! 910  
When freedom's ardent chiefs, with eager eye,  
Dim thro' the mist the corsair force descry ;  
Their cloudlike sails hang in the distant heav'n,  
Like shad'wy vapours of ascending ev'n—  
Here o'er the topmast, flames th' imperial star, 915  
There the red crescent leads the coming war.  
Th' obstructions clear'd—obliquely on the gales—  
With open ports—half-furl'd the flapping sails—  
Near and more near, athwart the bill'wy tide,  
In terrors arm'd, the floating bulwarks glide ; 920  
Tier pil'd o'er tier, the sleeping thunder lies,  
Anon to rend the shudd'ring main and skies.

Ere yet they shut the narrow space between,  
Begins the prelude of a bloodier scene—  
With sudden touch, deep-throated engines roar, 725  
Pierce heav'n's blue vault, and dash the waves to shore ;  
Then mad'ning billows mock the fearful sound,  
While o'er their surface globes of iron bound ;  
Unknown concussions rolling o'er their heads,  
Far fly the monsters round their coral beds. 930

The battle closes—fiercer fights begin—  
And hollow hulls reverberate the din :  
The green waves blacken, as the tempest lours,  
Chain bolts and langrage rain in dreadful show'rs ;  
Ship lock'd to ship, hangs o'er the foaming flood,  
The black sides wrapt in flame, the decks in blood :

From both the lines now smoke, now flames aspire,  
 Now clouds they roll, now gleam a ridge of fire :  
 On hostile prows, Columbia's heroes stand,  
 Conqu'ring 'mid death, or dying sword in hand : 940  
 Promiscuous cries, with shouts confus'dly drown'd,  
 In the wild uproar, swell the dol'rous sound :  
 And nought distinct is heard, and nought is seen,  
 Where wreaths of vapour hov'ring intervene,  
 Save when black grains expand imprison'd air, 945  
 The thunders wake, and shoot a livid glare :  
 Then ghastly forms are seen by transient gleams,  
 The dead and wounded drench'd in purple streams.

Now helmless ships in devious routes are driv'n,  
 The cordage torn, the masts to atoms riv'n : 250  
 Now here they glow with curling waves of fire,  
 In one explosion total crews expire.  
 Here barks relinquish'd, burnt to ocean's brink,  
 Half veil'd in crimson clouds begin to sink.  
 With men submerg'd, there frailer fragments float,  
 Here yawning gulfs absorb th' o'erloaded boat : 956  
 There red-hot balls, that graze the waters, hiss,  
 And plunge the gallies down the dread abyss.  
 Here shatter'd limbs—there garments dipt in blood,  
 With mingling crimson stain the foughten flood, 960  
 While Afric's pirates, shrinking from the day,  
 By terror urg'd, drag wounded hulks away.

As when two adverse storms, impetuous driv'n,  
 From east and west, sail up the azure heav'n,  
 In flaming fields of day together run, 96  
 Explode their fires, and blot with night the sun—  
 The eastern cloud, its flames expir'd at last,  
 Flies from the lightning of the western blast :  
 So fled the corsair line the blighting stroke  
 Of freedom's thunder—so their battle broke— 970  
 As if by heav'n's own arm subdu'd at length,  
 Their courage perish'd, wither'd all their strength.



Oh then let vict'ry stimulate the chace,  
To free from shameful chains the human race,  
To drive these pirates from th' insulted waves, 975  
To ope their dungeons to despairing slaves,  
To snatch from impious hands and break the rod,  
Which erst defac'd the likeness of a God :  
Then seize th' occasion, call the furious gales,  
Crack bending oars, stretch wide inflated sails; 980  
On rapid wings of wind the tempest bear,  
Make death's deep tubes with lurid lightnings glare :  
Like evanescent mists dispel their hosts,  
And with destruction's besom sweep their coasts.

Woe to proud Algiers; to your princes woe ! 985  
Your pride is falling with your youths laid low—  
Woe to ye people, woe, distress, and fears !  
Your hour is come to drink the cup of tears :  
A ghastly paleness gathers on your cheeks, 989  
While mem'ry haunts your ears with captive shrieks ;  
Then stifled conscience wak'ning dares to cry,  
“ Think on your crimson crimes, despair, and die.”—  
Then ruin comes, with fire, and sword, and blood,  
And men shall ask, where once your cities stood ?

'Tis done ! Behold th' uncheery prospects rise; 995  
Unwonted glooms the silent coasts surprise :  
The heav'ns with sable clouds are overcast,  
And death-like sounds ride on the hollow blast—  
The rank grass rustling to the passing gale :  
Ev'n now of men the chearful voices fail— 1000  
No busy marts appear, no crowded ports,  
No rural dances, and no splendid courts ;  
In halls, so late with feasts, with music crown'd,  
No revels sport, nor mirthful cymbals sound.  
Fastidious pomp ! how are thy pageants fled ! 1005  
How sleep the fallen in their lowly bed !

Their cultur'd fields to desolation turn'd,  
 The buildings levell'd, and th' enclosures burn'd.  
 Where the fair garden bloom'd, the thorn succeeds,  
 'Mid noxious brambles and envenom'd weeds. 1010  
 O'er fallow plains, no vagrant flocks are seen,  
 To print with tracks, or crop the dewy green,  
 The Plague, where thousands felt his mortal stings,  
 In vacant air his shafts promiscuous flings;  
 Here walks in darkness, thirsting still for gore, 1015  
 And raves, unfated, round the desert shore—  
 The sandy waste, th' immeasurable heath,  
 Alone are prowld by animals of death.  
 Here tawny lions guard their gory den;  
 There birds of prey usurp the haunts of men; 1020  
 Thro' dreary wilds, a mournful echo calls,  
 From mould'ring tow'rs and desolated walls.  
 Where the wan light thro' broken windows gleams,  
 The fox looks out, the boding raven screams;  
 While trembling travellers in wild amaze, 1025  
 On wrecks of state, and piles of ruin, gaze.

The direful signs, which mark the day of doom,  
 Shall scarcely scatter such portentous gloom—  
 When, rock'd the ground, convuls'd each roaring flood  
 The stars shall fall, the sun be turn'd to blood, 1030  
 The globe itself dissolve in fluid fire,  
 Time be no more, and man's whole race expire.

Thus hath thy hand, great God! thro' ev'ry age,  
 When ripe for ruin, pour'd on man thy rage:  
 So didst thou erst on Babylon let fall 1035  
 The plagues thy hand inscrib'd upon the wall:  
 So didst thou give Sidonia's sons for food,  
 To cowering eagles, drunk with human blood;  
 Seal in thy wrath imperial Salem's doom,  
 And sweep her millions to a common tomb. 1040

But let us turn from objects that disgust,  
The ghosts of empires and of men accurst :  
Turn we from fights that pain the feeling breast,  
To where new nations populate the west :  
For there, anon, shall new auroras rise, 1045  
And, streaming, brighten up th' Atlantic skies,  
Back on the solar path, with living ray,  
Heav'n's own pure splendors pour a tide of day.

And lo ! successful from heroic toils,  
With glory cover'd, and enrich'd with spoils, 1050  
With garlands waving o'er these spoils of war,  
The pomp preceded by th' imperial star,  
'Mid shouts of joy, from liberated slaves,  
In triumph ride th' avengers of the waves.  
And see they gain Columbia's happy strand, 1055  
Where anxious crouds in expectation stand.  
See raptur'd nations hail the kindred race,  
And court the heroes to their fond embrace :  
In fond embraces strain'd, the captive clings,  
And feels and looks unutterable things. 1060  
See there the widow finds her darling son,  
See in each others' arms the lovers run,  
With joy tumultuous their swell'd bosoms glow,  
And one short moment pays for years of woe !  
When grateful sports and festal songs proclaim 1065  
Their joys domestic, and their distant fame.

Then glorious days, by hallow'd bards foretold,  
Shall far surpass the fabled age of gold,  
The human mind its noblest pow'rs display,  
And knowledge, rising to meridian day, 1070  
Shine like the lib'ral sun ; th' illumin'd youths  
By fair discussion find immortal truths.

Why turns th' horizon red ? the dawn is near :  
Infants of light, ye harbingers appear !

With ten-fold brightness gild the happier age, 1075  
And light the actors o'er a broader stage!  
This drama closing—ere th' approaching end,  
See heav'n's perennial year to earth descend.  
Then wake, Columbians! fav'rites of the skies,  
Awake to glory, and to rapture rise! 1080  
Behold the dawn of your ascending fame,  
Illumine the nations with a purer flame;  
Progressive splendors spread o'er ev'ry clime,  
Then rapt in visions of unfolding time,  
Pierce midnight clouds that hide his dark abyfs, 1085  
And see, in embryo, scenes of future bliss!  
See days and months and years there roll in night,  
While age succeeding age ascends to light,  
Till your blest offspring, countless as the stars,  
In open ocean quench the torch of wars; 1090  
With god-like aim, in one firm union bind,  
The common good and int'rest of mankind;  
Unbar the gates of commerce for their race,  
And build the gen'ral peace on freedom's broadest base.



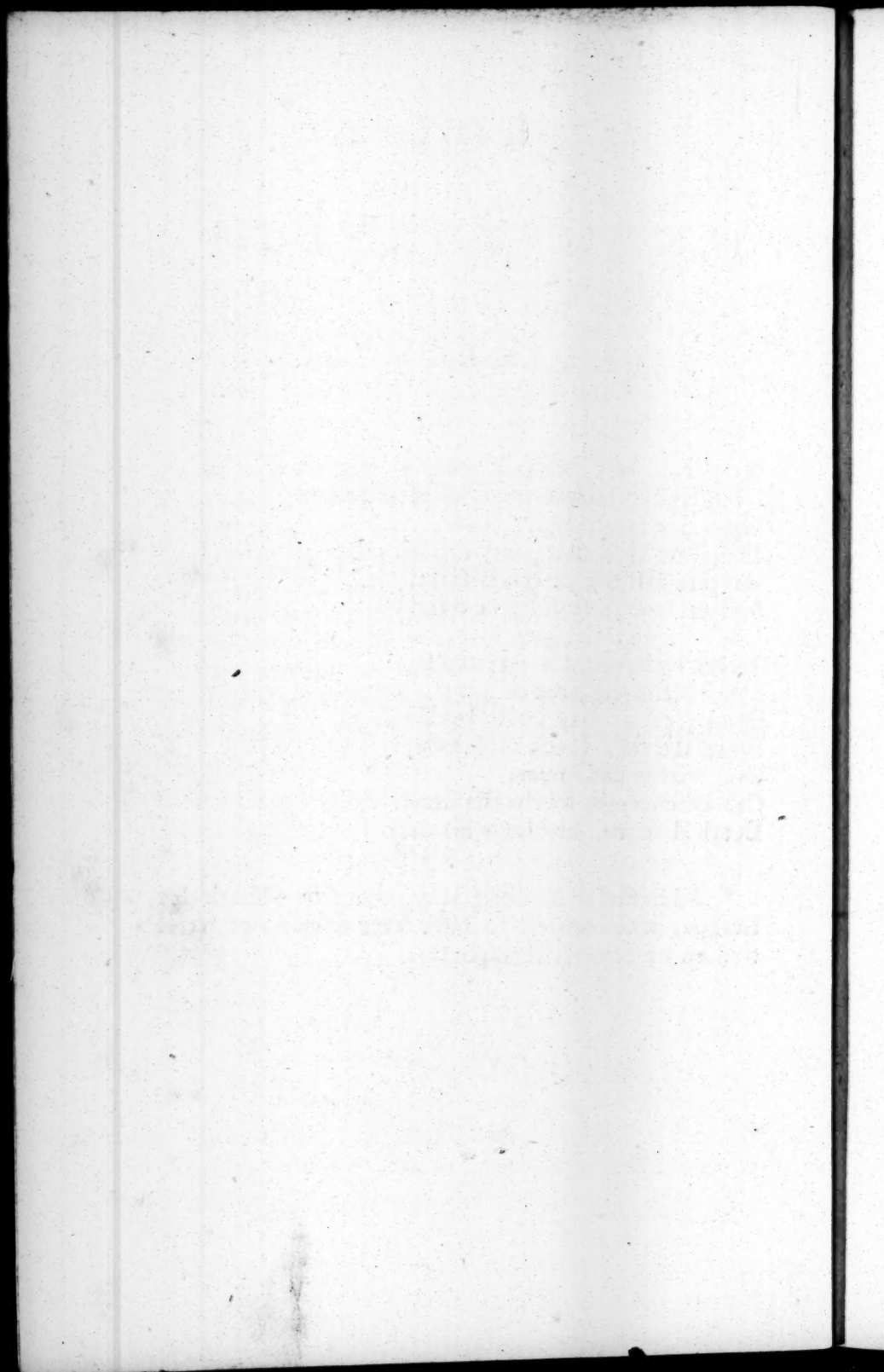
# AN IMPROMPTU: \*

(ANACREONTIC).

**M**A Y you, fraught with ev'ry grace,  
 All the charms of mind and face,  
 Ripen fair in wisdom's beam ;  
 Thine the blifs that poets dream.  
 Happier still thy prospects shine,  
 And each wish fulfil'd be thine !

Riches make them wings and fly ;  
 Envy blasts the buds of joy ;  
 Deadly pangs may youth invade,  
 When the rosy cheek must fade ;  
 Only virtue can impart  
 Our defence—it soothes the heart,  
 Death disarms, or blunts his dart. }

\* Addressed to a young lady, about to embark for Europe, who desired to have some manuscript verses written by colonel Humphreys.



# E P I T A P H

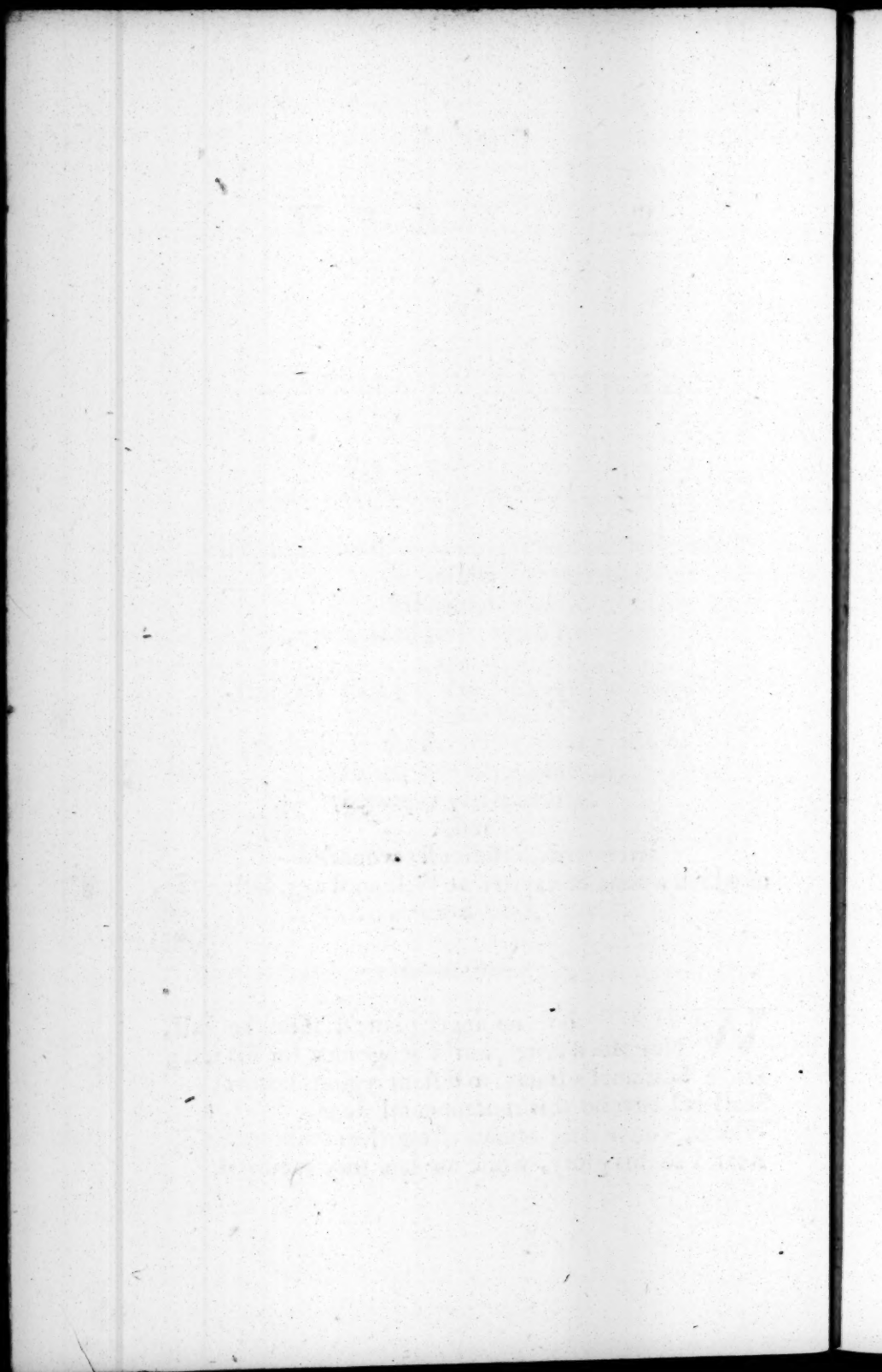
O N

GENERAL SCAMMEL.

ALEXANDER SCAMMEL,  
Adjutant general of the American armies,  
and  
Colonel of the first regiment of New-Hampshire,  
while  
he commanded  
a chosen corps of light infantry,  
at the  
successful siege of York-town in Virginia,  
was,  
in the gallant performance of his duty,  
as field-officer of the day,  
unfortunately captured,  
and,  
afterwards, insidiously wounded—  
of which wound he expired at Williamsburg, Oct. 1781.  
*Anno ætatis, . . . . .*



WHAT tho' no angel glanc'd aside the ball,  
Nor allied arms pour'd vengeance for his fall;  
Brave Scammel's fame, to distant regions known,  
Shall last beyond this monumental stone,  
Which, conqu'ring armies (from their toils return'd)  
Rear'd to his glory, while his fate they mourn'd.





# MOUNT VERNON:

A N O D E.

**B**Y broad Potowmack's azure tide,  
Where Vernon's mount, in sylvan pride,  
Displays its beauties far,  
Great Washington, to peaceful shades,  
Where no unhallow'd wish invades,  
Retir'd from fields of war.

Angels might see, with joy, the sage,  
Who taught the battle where to rage,  
Or quench'd its spreading flame,  
On works of peace employ that hand,  
Which wav'd the blade of high command,  
And hew'd the path to fame.

Let others sing his deeds in arms,  
A nation fav'd, and conquest's charms :  
Posterity shall hear,  
'Twas mine, return'd from Europe's courts,  
To share his thoughts, partake his sports,  
And sooth his partial ear.

To thee, my friend, these lays belong :  
Thy happy seat inspires my song,  
With gay, perennial blooms,  
With fruitage fair, and cool retreats,  
Whose bow'ry wilderness of sweets  
The ambient air perfumes.

Here spring its earliest buds displays,  
 Here latest on the leafless sprays,  
     The plummy people sing ;  
 The vernal show'r, the rip'ning year,  
 Th' autumnal store, the winter drear,  
     For thee new pleasures bring.

Here lapp'd in philosophic ease,  
 Within thy walks, beneath thy trees,  
     Amidst thine ample farms,  
 No vulgar converse heroes hold,  
 But past or future scenes unfold,  
     Or dwell on nature's charms.

What wond'rous era have we seen,  
 Plac'd on this isthmus, half between  
     A rude and polish'd state !  
 We saw the war tempestuous rise,  
 In arms a world, in blood the skies,  
     In doubt an empire's fate.

The storm is calm'd, seren'd the heav'n,  
 And mildly o'er the climes of ev'n,  
     Expands th' imperial day :  
 " O God, the source of light supreme,  
 " Shed on our dusky morn a gleam,  
     " To guide our doubtful way !

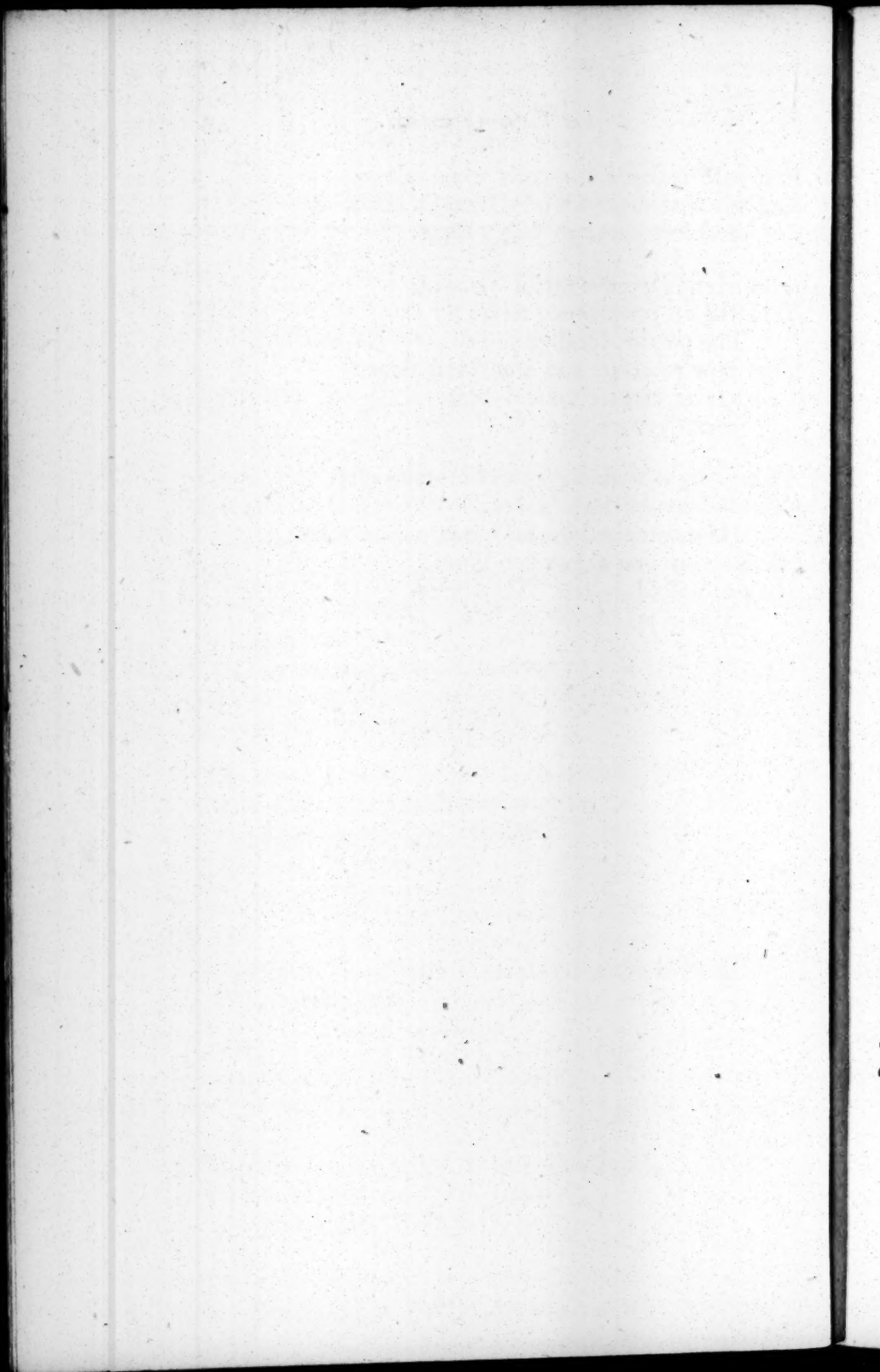
" Restrain, dread pow'r, our land from crimes !  
 " What seeks, tho' blest beyond all times,  
     " So querulous an age ?  
 " What means to freedom such disgust,  
 " Of change, of anarchy the lust,  
     " The fickleness and rage ?"

So spake his country's friend, with sighs,  
 To find that country still despise  
     The legacy he gave—

And half he fear'd his toils were vain,  
And much that man would court a chain,  
And live through vice a slave.

A transient gloom o'ercast his mind :  
Yet, still on providence reclin'd,  
The patriot fond believ'd,  
That pow'r benign too much had done,  
To leave an empire's task begun,  
Imperfectly achiev'd.

Thus buoy'd with hope, with virtue blest,  
Of ev'ry human bliss possess,  
He meets the happier hours ;  
His skies assume a lovelier blue,  
His prospects brighter rise to view,  
And fairer bloom his flow'rs.





T H E

GENIUS OF AMERICA.

*A song.—Tune, the watry god, &c.*

WHERE spirits dwell and shad'wy forms,  
 On Andes' cliffs mid black'ning storms,  
 With livid lightnings curl'd :  
 The awful genius of our clime,  
 In thunder rais'd his voice sublime,  
 And hush'd the list'ning world.

“ In lonely waves and wastes of earth,  
 “ A mighty empire claims its birth,  
 “ And heav'n asserts the claim ;  
 “ The sails that hang in yon dim sky,  
 “ Proclaim the promis'd era nigh,  
 “ Which wakes a world to fame.

“ Hail ye first bounding barks that roam,  
 “ Blue-tumbling billows topp'd with foam,  
 “ Which keel ne'er plough'd before !  
 “ Here suns perform their useless round,  
 “ Here rove the naked tribes embrown'd,  
 “ Who feed on living gore.

“ To midnight orgies, off’ring dire,

“ The human sacrifice on fire,

“ A heav’nly light succeeds—

“ But, lo ! what horrors intervene,

“ The toils severe, the carnag’d scene,

“ And more than mortal deeds !

“ Ye FATHERS, spread your fame afar,

“ ’Tis yours to still the sounds of war,

“ And bid the slaughter cease ;

“ The peopling hamlets wide extend,

“ The harvests spring, the spires ascend,

“ Mid grateful songs of peace.

“ Shall steed to steed, and man to man,

“ With discord thund’ring in the van,

“ Again destroy the bliss ?

“ Enough my mystic words reveal,

“ The rest the shades of night conceal,

“ In fate’s profound abyfs.”

# A N E L E G Y

O N

LIEUTENANT DE HART,\*

VOL.-AID. TO GEN. WAYNE

W H E N autumn all humid and drear  
 With darkness and storms in his train  
 Announcing the death of the year,  
 Despoil'd of its verdure the plain :  
 When horror congenial prevail'd,  
 Where graves are with fearfulness trod,  
 De Hart by his sister was wail'd,  
 His sister thus sigh'd o'er his sod :

“ Near Hudson, a fort, on these banks,  
 “ Its flag of defiance unfurl'd :  
 “ He led to the storm the first ranks ;  
 “ On them, iron tempests were hurl'd.  
 “ Transpierc'd was his breast with a ball—  
 “ His breast a red fountain supply'd,  
 “ Which, gushing in waves still and small,  
 “ Distain'd his white bosom and side.

NOTE.

\* This young warrior was killed in the attack on the block-house, near Fort Lee, 1780.

" His visage was ghastly in death,  
 " His hair, that so lavishly curl'd,  
 " I saw, as he lay on the heath,  
 " In blood, and with dew-drops impearl'd.  
 " How dumb is the tongue, that could speak  
 " Whate'er could engage and delight !  
 " How faded the rose on his cheek !  
 " Those eyes, how envelop'd in night !

" Those eyes, that illumin'd each soul,  
 " All darken'd to us are now grown :  
 " In far other orbits they roll,  
 " Like stars to new systems when gone.  
 " My brother, the pride of the plain,  
 " In vain did the graces adorn ;  
 " His blossom unfolded in vain,  
 " To die like the blossom of morn.

" Oh war, thou hast wasted our clime,  
 " And tortur'd my bosom with sighs :  
 " My brother, who fell ere his prime,  
 " For ever is torn from my eyes.  
 " To me, how distracting the storm,  
 " That blasted the youth in his bloom !  
 " Alas, was so finish'd a form  
 " Design'd for so early a tomb ?

" How bright were the prospects that shone !  
 " Their ruin 'tis mine to deplore—  
 " Health, beauty, and youth were his own,  
 " Health, beauty, and youth are no more.  
 " No blessings of nature and art,  
 " Nor music that charm'd in the song,  
 Nor virtues that glow'd in the heart,  
 " Dear youth, could thy moments prolong !



“ Thrice six times the spring had renew’d  
“ Its youth and its charms for the boy ;  
“ With rapture all nature he view’d,  
“ For nature he knew to enjoy.  
“ But chiefly his country could charm :  
“ He felt—’twas a generous heat—  
“ With drums and the trumpet’s alarm,  
“ His pulses in consonance beat.

“ Ye heroes, to whom he was dear,  
“ Come weep o’er this sorrowful urn,  
“ Come ease the full heart with a tear—  
“ My hero will never return :  
“ He died in the dawn of applause,  
“ His country demanded his breath ;  
“ Go, heroes, defend the same cause,  
“ Avenge with your country his death.”

So sung on the top of the rocks,  
The virgin in sorrow more fair ;  
In tears her blue eyes ; and her locks  
Of auburn flew loose on the air.  
I heard, as pass’d down the stream ;  
The guards of the foe were in view :—  
To enterprize fir’d by the theme,  
I bade the sweet mourner adieu.

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# THE MONKEY,

WHO SHAVED HIMSELF AND HIS FRIENDS.

*A fable.—Addressed to the hon. — —.*

A Man who own'd a barber's shop  
At York, and shav'd full many a fop,  
A monkey kept for their amusement;  
He made no other kind of use on't—  
This monkey took great observation,  
Was wonderful at imitation,  
And all he saw the barber do,  
He mimick'd strait, and did it too.

It chanc'd in shop, the dog and cat,  
While friseur din'd, demurely fat,  
Jacko found nought to play the knave in,  
So thought he'd try his hand at shaving.  
Around the shop in haste he rushes,  
And gets the razors, soap, and brushes;  
Now pufs he fix'd (no muscle misf stirs)  
And lather'd well her beard and whiskers,  
Then gave a gasp, as he began—  
The cat cried waugh! and off she ran.

Next towser's beard he tried his skill in,  
Tho' towser seem'd somewhat unwilling:  
As badly here again succeeding,  
The dog runs howling round and bleeding.

68 *The monkey, who shaved himself and his friends.*

Nor yet was tir'd our roguish elf,  
He'd seen the barber shave himself;  
So by the glass, upon the table,  
He rubs with soap his visage sable,  
Then with left-hand holds smooth his jaw,—  
The razor, in his dexter paw;  
Around he flourishes and flashes,  
Till all his face is seam'd with gashes.  
His cheeks dispatch'd—his visage thin  
He cock'd, to shave beneath his chin;  
Drew razor swift as he could pull it,  
And cut, from ear to ear, his gullet.

MORAL.

Who cannot write, yet handle pens,  
Are apt to hurt themselves and friends.  
Tho' others use them well, yet fools  
Should never meddle with edge tools.



# AN ODE.

ADDRESSED TO LAURA.

O H, lovely Laura, may a youth,  
 Inspir'd by beauty, urg'd by truth,  
 Disclose the heart's alarms,  
 The fire in raptur'd breasts that glows,  
 Th' impassion'd pang on love that grows,  
 And dare to sing thy charms!

Enough with war my lay has rung;  
 A softer theme awakes my tongue;  
 'Tis beauty's force divine:  
 Can I resist that air, that grace,  
 The harmony of form and face?  
 For ev'ry charm is thine.

Of health, of youth th' expanding flush,  
 Of virgin fear the flying blush,  
 With crimson stain thy cheek:  
 The bee such nectar never sips,  
 As yield the rose-buds of thy lips,  
 When sweetly thou dost speak.

'Tis thine the heaviest heart to cheer,  
 Those accents, drank with eager ear,  
 So musically roll:

Where swells the breast, the snow-white skin  
Scarce hides the secret thoughts within,  
Nor needs disguise that soul.

With thee, of cloudless days I dream;  
Thy eyes, in morning splendors, beam  
So exquisitely fair—  
What taste! as o'er thy back and breast,  
In light-brown ringlets neatly drest  
Devolves a length of hair.

Unblam'd, oh, let me gaze and gaze,  
While love-sick fancy fondly strays,  
And feasts on many a kiss;—  
For us let tides of rapture roll,  
And may we mingle soul with soul,  
In extacies of bliss!

# A S O N G.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

**I**T rains, it rains, my fair,  
Come drive your white sheep fast :  
To shelter quick repair,  
Haste, shepherds, make haste.

I hear—the water pours,  
With patt'ring on the vines :  
See here ! see here ! it lours—  
See there the lightning shines.

The thunder dost thou hear ?  
Loud roars the rushing storm :  
Take (while we run, my dear)  
Protection from my arm.

I see our cot, ah hold !  
Mama and sister Nance,  
To open our sheep fold,  
Most cheerily advance.

God blefs my mother dear,  
My sister Nancy too !  
I bring my sweet-heart here,  
To sleep to night with you.

Go, dry yourself, my friend,  
And make yourself at home—  
Sister, on her attend :  
Come in, sweet lambkins, come.

Mama, let's take good care  
Of all her pretty sheep ;  
Her little lamb we'll spare  
More straw whereon to sleep.

'Tis done—now let us haste  
To her ;—you here, my fair !  
Undress'd, oh what a waif !  
My mother, look you there.

Let's sup ; come take this place,  
You shall be next to me ;  
This pine-knot's cheerful blaze  
Shall shine direct on thee.

Come taste this cream so sweet,  
This syllabub so warm ;  
Alas ! you do not eat :  
You feel ev'n yet the storm.

'Twas wrong—I prefs'd too much  
Your steps, when on the way :  
But here, see here your couch—  
There sleep till dawn of day

With gold the mountain tips :—  
Good night, good night, my dove :  
Now let me on your lips,  
Imprint one kifs of love.

Mama and I will come,  
When morn begins to shine,  
To see my sweet-heart home,  
And ask her hand for mine.



# AN EPITHALAMIUM.

I.

'T WAS at the wedding-feast, for Celia won,  
By Cymon's coxcomb son :  
Aloft in dwarfish state  
The foplike bridegroom sat,  
And made a deal of fun !

His gallant peers around were plac'd,  
Their hair all curl'd and dress'd in newest taste ;  
(Of powder what prodigious waste !)  
The simp'ring Celia by his side,  
His lace and gew-gaws fondly ey'd,  
And swell'd her little heart with pride.

IMITATION.

# ALEXANDER'S FEAST,

OR THE POWER OF MUSIC: AN ODE.

IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

*By mr. Dryden.*

I.

'T WAS at the royal feast for Persia won,  
By Philip's warlike son :  
Aloft in awful state  
The godlike hero sat  
On his imperial throne.

His valiant peers were plac'd around,  
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound ;  
(So should desert in arms be crown'd.)  
The lovely Thais by his side,  
Sat like a blooming eastern bride,  
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

H

Proper, proper, proper pair!

None but a rake,

None but a rake

Such pains would take, to gain a fickle fair.

II.

Mungo was there, and did well,

And led the cap'ring choir;

With fumbling fingers twang'd the fiddle:

The notes awake the am'rous fire,

And drinking joys inspire,

The song began of beaux,

And whence the order rose;

(Such wond'rous things a fidler knows).

A monkey's grinning form in utmost vigour,

Bely'd a macaroni's noble figure;

When he to fair Coquettia prest,

A while he sought her snowy breast;

#### IMITATION.

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus plac'd on high,

Amid' the tuneful choir,

With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;

The trembling notes ascend the sky,

And heav'nly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,

Who left his blissful seat above;

(Such is the pow'r of mighty love)

A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god;

Sublime on radiant spires he rode,

When he to fair Olympia prest,

A while he sought her snowy breast;

Then round her slender waist he curl'd,  
And stamp'd an image of himself, a coxcomb of the  
world.

A present fop! they shout around;  
A present fop! the vaulted roofs rebound:

With ravish'd ears,  
The fopling hears;  
Assumes the shape,  
Looks like an ape,  
And grins and laughs and sneers.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the thirsty fidler sung;  
Of Bacchus, ever plump and ever young:  
The jolly god to wedding comes;  
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums:  
Flush'd with a purple rose,  
His pimpled face he shews.

IMITATION.

Then round her slender waist he curl'd,  
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the  
world.

A present deity! they shout around:  
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound:

With ravish'd ears  
The monarch hears;  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung;  
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young:  
The jolly god in triumph comes;  
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums:  
Flush'd with a purple grace,  
He shews his honest face.

Now give the boy a dram. He comes, he comes!  
 Bacchus! plump and merry younker,  
 Makes the wedding-folks get drunker;  
     Bacchus taught to toast the lasses;  
     Tippling ev'ry joy surpasses,  
     Rich the treasure,  
     Sweet the pleasure,  
 After drinking to break glasses.

## IV.

Sooth'd with the sound, the fop grew vain,  
 'Talk'd all his courtship o'er again,  
 And thrice he kiss'd the girls all round, and thrice  
     they fled amain.  
 The fidler saw the mischief rise,  
 His yawning mouth, his maudlin eyes;  
 And while he sense and song defied,  
 Chang'd his hand, and strok'd the bride.

## I M I T A T I O N.

Now give the hautboys breath. He comes, he comes!  
 Bacchus! ever fair and young,  
 Drinking joys did first ordain;  
     Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;  
     Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:  
     Rich the treasure,  
     Sweet the pleasure,  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

## IV.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain,  
 Fought all his battles o'er again,  
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew  
     the slain.  
 The master saw the madness rise,  
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;  
 And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,  
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.



He chose a doleful ditty,  
To work him up to pity :  
He sung poor Damon's cruel wrongs,  
By too severe a fate,  
Banish'd, banish'd, banish'd, banish'd,  
Banish'd for his small estate,  
And writing mournful songs :  
Deserted, at his utmost need,  
By all Apollo's tuneful breed ;  
On an old feather-bed he lies,  
Nor dullness self will close his eyes,  
With stupid stare the joyless fopling sat,  
Revolving in his alter'd soul,  
The various turns of fate and fun ;  
And now and then a drink he stole :  
And streams began to run.

## I M I T A T I O N .

He chose a mournful muse,  
Soft pity to infuse ;  
He sung Darius, great and good !  
By too severe a fate,  
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
Fallen from his high estate,  
And welt'ring in his blood :  
Deserted at his utmost need,  
By those his former bounty fed ;  
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,  
Without a friend to close his eyes.  
With downcast looks the joyless victor sat,  
Revolving in his alter'd soul,  
The various turns of chance below ;  
And now and then a sigh he stole,  
And tears began to flow.

## V.

The mighty fidler smil'd to see  
 That love was in the next degree :  
 To touch that string was little labour,  
 For love to pity is next neighbour.  
 Softly sweet he tun'd his fiddle,  
 Soon it sounded, tiddle, diddle.  
 Trade, he sung, is toil and trouble ;  
 Money but an empty bubble ;  
 Constant hurry, still beginning,  
     Constant cheating, never ending :  
 If a fortune's worth thy winning,  
     Think, oh think it worth thy spending !  
 Lovely Celia sits beside thee ;  
 Drink about, and luck betide thee.  
 The many rend the bowls with loud applause ;  
 So love was crown'd, but liquor won the cause.

## I M I T A T I O N.

## V.

The mighty master smil'd to see  
 That love was in the next degree ;  
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
 For pity melts the mind to love.  
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.  
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;  
 Honour but an empty bubble ;  
 Never ending, still beginning,  
     Fighting still, and still destroying ;  
 If the world be worth thy winning,  
     Think, O think it worth enjoying !  
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee ;  
 Take the good the gods provide thee.  
 The many rend the skies with loud applause,  
 So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.

The fop, grown addled in his noddle,  
Gaz'd on his bride,  
And then his bottle,  
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
Sigh'd and look'd, and look'd and sigh'd.  
At length for love, and drinking more unable,  
The tipsy bridegroom fell beneath the table.

VI.

Now tug the wooden lyre again :  
A harder yet, and yet a harder strain.  
Let scolding break his sleep asunder,  
And start him, like a rattling peal of thunder.  
Hark, hark, Xantippe's fable  
Has rais'd up his head,  
As awak'd from the dead,  
And he peeps out from under the table.

IMITATION.

The prince unable to conceal his pain,  
Gaz'd on his fair,  
Who caus'd his care,  
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.  
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,  
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again,  
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.  
Break his hands of sleep asunder,  
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.  
Hark, hark the horrid sound  
Has rais'd up his head,  
As awak'd from the dead,  
And amaz'd he stares around.

Revenge, revenge, dark Mungo cries,  
 See the cuckolds arise!  
 See the horns that they rear,  
 How they look in their hair,  
 And the tears that roll down from their eyes!  
 Behold the hen-peck'd band,  
 In ghostly terrors stand!  
 These are husbands whose couches have met with a  
 Whose wives still remain, [flain;  
 Unconcern'd with their pain:  
 Give the vengeance due  
 To the cuckold crew.  
 Behold how they toss their foreheads up higher,  
 How they point to the bed-rooms around,  
 And warn ev'ry pair to retire:  
 The cronies applaud with a bacchanal sound:  
 And each in a rapture laid hold on his Helen;

## I M I T A T I O N.

Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries,  
 See the furies arise!  
 See the snakes that they rear,  
 How they hiss in their hair!  
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!  
 Behold a ghostly band,  
 Each a torch in his hand!  
 These are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain.  
 Whose bodies remain  
 Unburied on the plain:  
 Give the vengeance due,  
 To the valiant crew.  
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
 How they point to the Persian abodes,  
 And glittering temples of their hostile Gods.  
 The princes applaud with a furious joy,  
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;

The way fair Celia led,  
To light the bucks to bed,  
The rest is scarce worth telling.

## VII.

Thus long ago,  
Ere younger Cymon's horns began to grow,  
While Celia's tongue lay still,  
Dark Mungo shew'd prodigious skill,  
Both as a finger, [finger.  
And when he touch'd his lyre with heavy thumb and  
But when the shrill-voic'd Celia came,  
And tun'd to rage her vocal frame;  
'The gifted scold from her unborrow'd store,  
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,  
And added length to jarring sounds [fore.  
With nature's mother-wit, and screams unknown be-

## I M I T A T I O N.

Thais led the way,  
To light him to his prey,  
And like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

## VII.

Thus long ago,  
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,  
While organs yet were mute;  
Timotheus with his breathing flute  
And sounding lyre,  
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
But when divine Cecilia came,  
Inventress of the vocal frame,  
'The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,  
And added length to solemn sounds,  
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.



Let Mungo, if he's able,  
Do more—or yield the wreath—  
He stretch'd a fop beneath the table,  
She scolded him to death.

IMITATION.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown ;  
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,  
She drew an angel down.

## A LETTER

TO A

Young Lady in Boston,

DATED AT

NEW HAVEN, APRIL, 1780.

INSPIR'D with hope of giving pleasure,  
 By tale disastrous, told in measure,  
 I mean, dear miss, from facts diurnal,  
 To write a kind of *fleighing journal*;  
 And minute how I came across, back  
 From *Pomfret* to the *Sound*, on horseback.

Suppose (to save the pain of parting)  
 Your friends (the trouble past of starting)  
 Far on their way—the muse will find us—  
 Our hearts, with you, as far behind us:—  
 No wonder, then, we soon were lost on  
 The roads that go direct from *Boston*,  
 And came erroneous, where they lead in,  
 From *Brush-Hill*, down to *Dedham-meeting*:  
 From whence we turn'd our steeds to *Wrentham*,  
 And drove, as if the devil sent 'em,  
 'Till nine—nor made a single check first—  
 At nine, we stopp'd to take our breakfast.

Here I might use poetic fiction,  
 With all the tropes and flow'rs of diction,  
 To change (since flatt'ry half our trade is)  
 The tavern-girls to sky-born ladies:  
 Or give, in numbers new and rare,  
 With Homer's fire, a bill of fare;  
 Or turn, with Ovid's art bewitching,  
 To rooms of state, a bar or kitchen:

But facts, perhaps, by way of letter,  
 May shorter be express'd and better;  
 As, how the woman first denied us  
 A breakfast; how she scowl'd and eyed us;  
 And how we silyly manag'd matters,  
 And coax'd the dame, and squeez'd the daughters;  
 'Till breakfast serv'd, with kinder looks,  
 Left no pretext to kiss the cooks.

Our meal complete—ere we departed,  
 We paid the club—then off we started—  
 But now the clouds began to lour,  
 And threat of rain no drizzling show'r :  
 It dropp'd—we came to Attleborough—  
 The mist increas'd, as did our sorrow.

I cannot choose, with Homer's haste,  
 To say "we snatch'd a short repast."  
*We din'd* : and spent an hour in reading  
 The news—from hence, through show'rs, proceeding  
 To *Providence*—ere it grew dark  
 Your friend, the \* major, call'd on Clark,  
 Deliver'd your commands, in form,  
 Then came to Rice's in the storm;  
 For now the storm, that long impended,  
 In downright cataracts descended.

Here I must take, for episodes,  
 Such as I find—by no means gods—  
 For here some half-score *strangers* met,  
 I never saw a *stranger* set :  
 Our pleasant scene may soon be sketch'd,  
 We stretch'd and yawn'd—then yawn'd and stretch'd;  
 'Twas doubtful if produc'd by weather,  
 Cold blood, rank pride, or altogether ;

## NOTE.

\* Major D. Putnam, an aid de camp to major general Putnam, as was the author.

To solve the doubt, I'll not detain ye,  
In such a night---so dark and rainy---  
But leave you, as we left them, praying  
For a good night and better sleighing.

With doubts (where one can clear the mystery)  
I would not puzzle future history :  
At dawn (the fact you might suppose)  
We wak'd : got up : put on our cloeths :  
And then, to use our tecnicks arch ,  
Again took up our line of march.  
Through paths of snow, too thin and soft,  
Our horses flounder'd deep and oft :  
Sev'n miles we drove, not over fast,  
And reach'd the eighth---the eighth and last---

Thou muse, oft call'd at latest shift,  
To help poor bards at some dead lift ;  
Now, let thy succours not be scantied,  
They ne'er can be more sadly wanted ;  
Come to our aid, thou muse of fire,  
And drag us through the rhyme and mire !

No vagrant wights, or true knights errant,  
E'er saw such perils, I dare warrant ;  
Not Homer's hero fac'd such dangers,  
By land or sea, with friends or strangers ;  
Not Bunyan's pilgrim found such pond,  
Quite badly wet in Slough Despond ;  
Nor satan, in his various way, was  
So plagued (as Milton sings) in Chaos ;  
Nor ev'n the son of old Anchises  
Was brought to such a fatal crisis  
No Charon here, we found to ferry us  
Over a villain lake, like Erebus.

The *dismal vale* we now 'gan enter,  
 And down we plung'd towards the centre---  
 Above mid-sides the horses slump in,  
 Nor stir a step, except by jumping---  
 Again they plunge---and here full sadly  
 For our postilion, honest Bradley,  
 The pole snapp'd short---then quickly falling,  
 It went down, with the horses, all in---  
 The worst of scrapes to make the best on,  
 And raise the pole, was now the question---  
 Bradley (hence nam'd the lion-hearted)  
 His utmost skill and strength exerted :  
 While poles we plac'd across the slough,  
 And got it out—the Lord knows how---  
 Then, many a fruitless effort tried,  
 We reach'd, half-drown'd, the other side.

The muse invok'd, who sat on bench  
 In guise most like a mortal wench,  
 In our misfortunes wet her wings,  
 And therefore soars not, though she sings :  
 That muse, no doubt, with little striving,  
 Might learn the true sublime of diving,  
 Ev'n now she tells, how, thick and faster,  
 Disaster crouded on disaster,  
 'To reach a house how hard we work'd,  
 'The horses mir'd and tir'd and cark'd,  
 'Till neighbours came, with kind assistance,  
 And drew the sleigh, by hand, some distance.

As when a sailor, long the sport  
 Of winds and waves, arrives in port,  
 He joys, although the vessel's stranded,  
 'To find himself alive and landed :  
 Not less our glee, nor less our courage,  
 'To find a cot, where we found porridge ;



And where three days ourselves we found,  
(To try our patience) weather-bound.

Each plan to move, in council stated,  
Was pass'd ; rejected ; re-debated.

Here one might fall to moralising  
Upon some themes which most seem wise in :  
Ye, who for human nature stickle,  
Come learn that man is frail and fickle,  
The sport, or bubble altogether,  
Of fire and water, wind and weather !

It now grew cold---the path was frozen,  
To part the hour of midnight chosen--  
Our matters all, at length, adjusted,  
Th' event to providence we trusted.

The rubs and jostlings of that night,  
Were more by half than I shall write :  
Can things like these in rhyme be written !  
How by a dog my friend was bitten ;  
How Bradley tore a piece of skin,  
Like *paper dollar*, from his shin ;  
And how your bard, ere he was seated,  
His better finger dislocated ;  
How heavily the horses drew '  
'The sleigh ; and how they dragg'd it through  
A mire---from whence (remains no doubt)  
The very bottom had dropp'd out ;  
And lastly, how, to make us fret,  
The sleigh was fairly overset ;  
Beset with ills, we rode by moon-light ;  
'Till that was gone---and then 'twas soon light.

The fun, to our new world now present,  
 Brought on the day benign and pleasant ;  
 The day, by milder fates attended,  
 Our plagues at *Gen'ral Putnam's* ended.  
 That chief, though ill, receiv'd our party  
 With joy, and gave us welcome hearty :  
 The good old man, of death not fearful,  
 Retain'd his mind and temper chearful,  
 Retain'd (with palsey sorely smitten)  
 His love of country, pique for *Britain* ;  
 He told of many a deed and skirmish,  
 That basis for romance might furnish ;  
 The story of his wars and woes  
 \* Which I shall write in humble prose ;  
 Should heav'n (that fondest schemes can mar)  
 Protract my years beyond this war.

Thus end the toil and picture frightful  
 Of sleighing—oft a *sport* delightful—  
 A *sport*, which all our lads and lasses  
 Agree each other *sport* surpasses,  
 When, crossing bridges in that vehicle,  
 They taste of kisses sweet as treacle.

To Hartford next, with whip and spur hence  
 I came—nor met one ill occurrence---  
 There *Wadsworth's* hospitable dome  
 Receiv'd me : 'twas a second home.

Some days elaps'd, I jogg'd quite brave on  
 And found my *Trumbull* at New-Haven ;  
 Than whom, more humour never man did  
 Possess---nor lives a soul more candid---

N O T E.

\* Col. Humphreys has since published an essay  
 on the life of General Putnam.

But who, unfung, would know hereafter,  
The gibes, the puns, and peals of laughter,  
Or how much glee those laughters yield one,  
Maugre the system Chesterfieldian !

*Barlow* I saw, and here began  
My friendship for that spotless man ;  
Whom, though the world does *not yet* know it,  
Great nature form'd her loftiest poet.  
But *Dwight* was absent at North-Hampton,  
That bard sublime, and virtue's champion,  
To whom the charms of verse belong,  
The father of our *epic song* !

My morn of life *here* haply past,  
With youths of genius, science, taste :  
But mid the roar of drums and guns,  
Where meet again the muse's sons ?  
The mental banquet must they quit,  
The feast of reason and of wit ;  
For ever lost, in civil strife,  
That solace sweet of human life !

The cannon's distant thunders ring,  
And wake to deeds of death the spring :  
Far other sounds once touch'd my ear,  
And usher'd in the flow'ry year,  
But, now, adieu the *tuneful train*,  
The warblings of my native plain ;  
Adieu the scenes that charm'd my view,  
And thou, fair maid, again adieu !  
Farewell the bow'rs and conscious shades !  
My country's cause my soul invades——  
Yes, rous'd by sense of country's wrongs,  
I give the wind my idle songs :  
No vacant hour for rhyme succeeds,  
I go where'er the battle bleeds :

To-morrow---(brief then be my story)---  
I go to WASHINGTON and GLORY ;  
His *aid elect*—in acts when tried---  
Resolv'd (whatever fates betide)  
My conduct, 'till my final breath,  
Shall not disgrace my life or death.



FINIS.

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